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Everybody's Magazine

John Wanamaker, Publisher.

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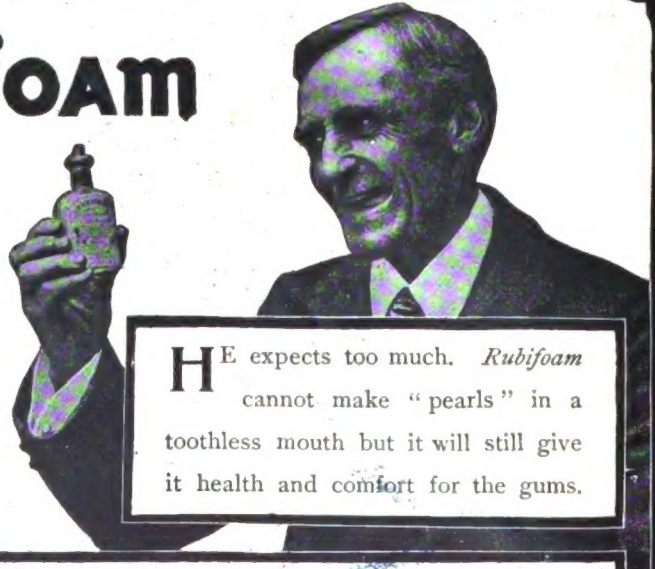

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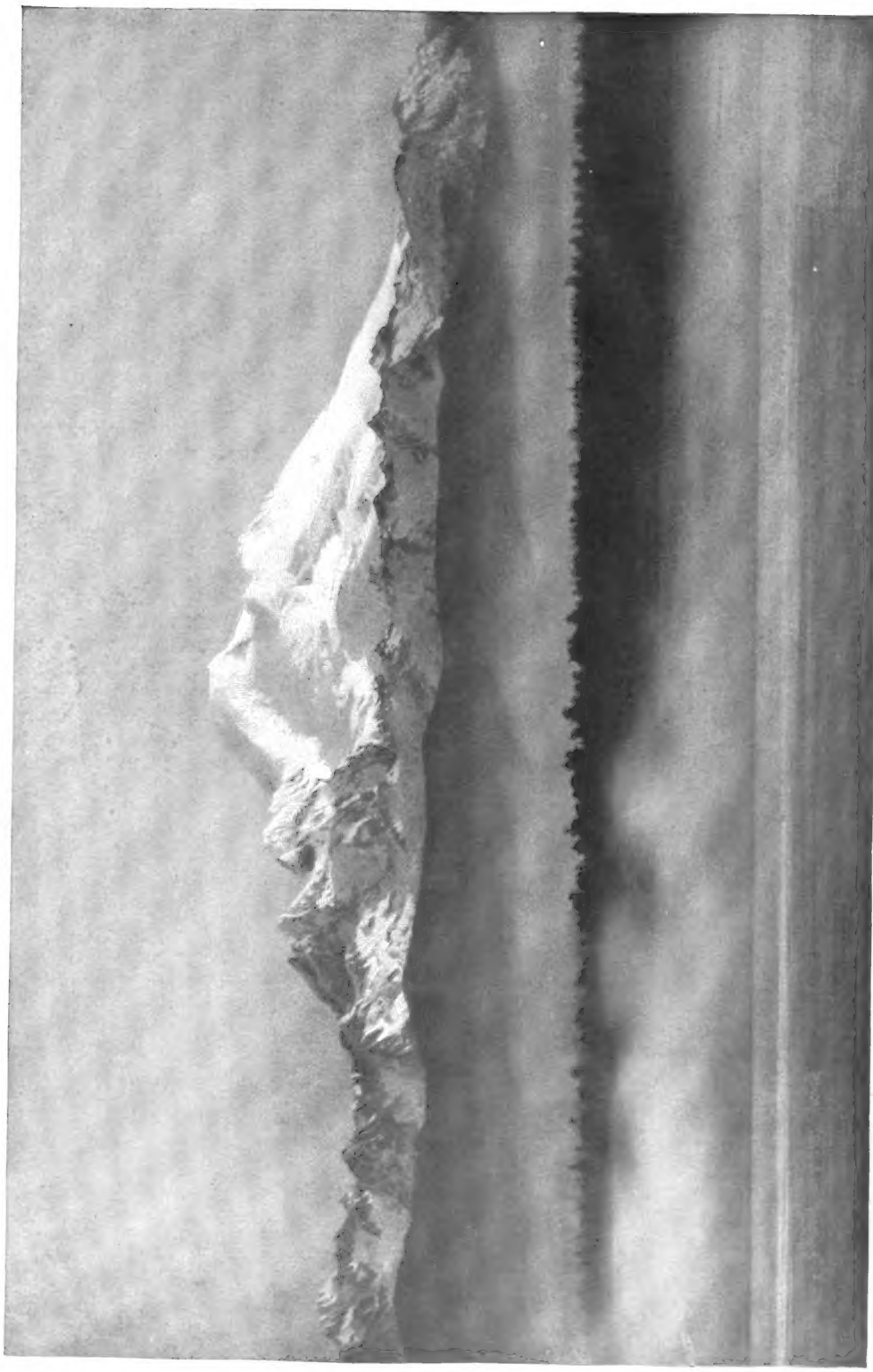

SUNRISE ON MOUNT BAKER, COLORADO.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI. MAY, 1902. No. 5.

Mount Shasta, the southernmost peak of the Cascade Range in northern California, is 14,380 feet above sea level.

FAMOUS AMERICAN MOUNTAINS.

BY HENRY GANNETT,
Geographer of the United States Geological Survey.

Photograph by Rudolph Schilling.

MONUMENT ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

WHY do we go abroad, thousands of us Americans, each year to see the beauty and sublimity of nature—to Switzerland for its mountains and glaciers, to Norway for its fiords, to Egypt for its deserts, to Scotland for its lakes and hills, and turn our backs upon similar scenes in our own land? Our country is not wanting in natural scenery of mountain, glacier, lake, fiord, and desert. We have mountains higher than the Alps, icier and more rugged; glaciers whose lesser tributaries are larger than the ice streams of Switzerland, the Caucasus, or the Himalayas—indeed, which are exceeded in area only by the ice caps of Greenland and the Antarctic Continent; and lakes which are unrivalled in beauty. The fiords of Alaska are far finer than the classic ones of Norway, and the wonderful charm of the desert is felt as fully in our own West as in northern Africa. Moreover, there are a few features of which we hold a monopoly: there is but one Grand Cañon, one Niagara, one Yosemite, and the Geysers of the Yellowstone are repeated nowhere on earth.

Of our thousands of high mountains, the loftiest, so far as known, is Mount McKinley, in Alaska, which reaches an altitude of

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20,464 feet. Asia, with Mount Everest in the Himalayas, 29,002 feet high, and South America, with Aconcagua, in the Andes, 22,900 feet, alone exceed this continent of ours in extreme altitude. Europe is crowned by Mount Blanc, only 15,781 feet, and Africa by Kilimanjaro, with 18,300 feet.

The mountains in the eastern part of our country are not high, the highest summit of the Appalachians being Mount Mitchell, in the Black Range of North Carolina, 6,711 feet above the sea.

In the northern Appalachians, the well-known summits are Marcy, Mount Washington, the highest of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, 6,294 feet, whose summit is reached by rail or stage, and Mount Katahdin, in Maine, a round mile above the sea. The Appalachian Mountains present few rugged features. They are characterized by broad, smooth, forested slopes and rounded forms. Excepting the higher group of the White Mountains, none of them reach the timber line.

The Western mountains—the Cordillera, or Rocky Mountains, as they are variously called—are another and a different story. Here is a broad region, a thousand miles wide, and stretching from north to south across the country, which includes hundreds of ranges, and presents an infinite variety of scenery, with huge masses of granite and uptilted stratified rocks, and hundreds of

DAVIES TOWER, BLACK HILLS, WYOMING.

CHIEF MOUNTAIN, MONTANA.
Between the United States and Canada.

volcanic cones. In some of these ranges the summits are broad and massive, in others sharply shattered into pinnacles and spires; in the south, worn by water into grotesque and rugged forms; in the north, planed by glaciers, with cirques and gorges cut by the ice; while in northern Montana and Idaho, and in Washington and Oregon are glaciers still at work. In this Cordilleran region are hundreds of peaks exceeding 14,000 feet in height, most of them undistinguished by name, and thousands which rise over 10,000 feet.

In Colorado the mountains stand upon a platform or base which is from 6,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. The city of Denver is a mile high, as high as the summit of Mount Katahdin, and Colorado Springs is within a hundred feet of the height of Mount Washington, while the great table-land known as South Park, from which rise many peaks of 14,000 feet, is half as high again as Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain in the East.

In this State are the highest peaks in the country, excepting those of Alaska, and the southern part of the Sierra Nevada of California. Of the well-known ones are Longs Peak, standing in the Front Range, which frowns down upon the plains from an altitude of 14,271 feet, and farther south Greys and Torreys Peaks, half a mile apart and connected by a ridge, dropping to a comparatively low gap. These mountains, named for the well-known botanists, are

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MOUNT MITCHELL, NORTH CAROLINA.

The highest of the Appalachians.

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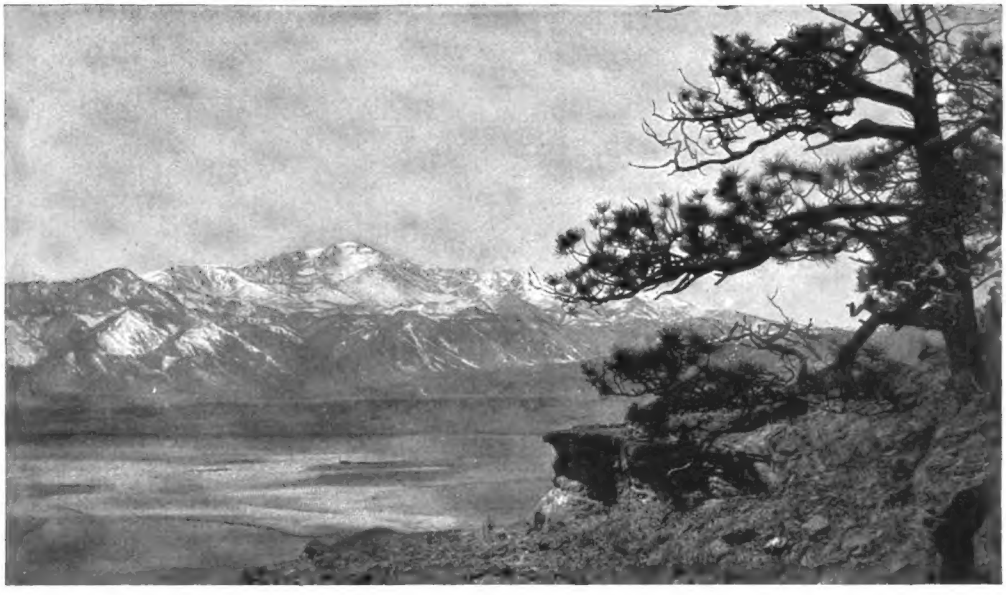

PIKES PEAK FROM AUSTINS BLUFFS.

among the highest summits in the State, being respectively 14,341 and 14,336 feet, and rise 3,000 feet above the timber line. An excellent horse-trail leads right over the summit of Greys Peak, making the ascent of this mountain purely a question of horseflesh. In the early days, thirty years ago, all the freight to the mining camps to the westward was packed on burros over this trail.

Rising abruptly from the plains near Colorado Springs, is a mountain mass whose outermost summit is known as Cheyenne Mountain. Other and higher summits rise to the westward, and the mass culminates in the great dome of Pikes Peak, twelve miles from Colorado Springs, and 8,000 feet above it. Up at the head of South Park, rising from a base 10,000 feet above the sea to a height of 14,297 feet, is Mount Lincoln, named by early miners for our greatest President. It is very accessible, a railroad running by its base, while, as mines have been opened at various points upon it, even within a hundred feet of its summit, roads and trails lead to the top. I once spent a night at a mine just below the summit, 14,200 feet above the sea. Early in the morning before sunrise, I went up to the top, and found myself upon an island, in a sea of cloud. Overhead the sky was perfectly clear. Beneath me, as I looked over a cliff, was vacancy. Around me was stretched a white sea, level and unbroken except for a score or two of sharp black islands, the summits of other mountains, which, like my own, projected above the sea of cloud, whose level was about 14,000 feet above the sea. This tranquil sea was shortlived, however, for, as the sun rose above it, its surface commenced to heave, then to break and melt away. Soon I could see, through vistas opened in the cloud, the green of mountain sides, the yellow plains of South Park. These views grew broader, gaps in the cloud widened and joined with others, until masses of cloud were separated from the rest, and soon the whole melted away, the last fragments whirling up the gorges, catching on projecting spurs, and finally, before the sun was half an hour high, the whole landscape was in a blaze of sunlight.

West of the Arkansas valley stands the Sawatch Range, a hundred miles long, north and south, and presenting a fine succession of peaks over 14,000 feet high. The northernmost of these is the well-known Mountain of the Holy Cross, on whose eastern face nature has cut, in two transverse crevices filled with snow, the symbol of the Christian religion, 1,500 feet high, and with a cross arm of 500 feet. The approach to the mountain—at least the most apparent approach—is up the valley of the Roche

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Moutonnée Creek, from Eagle River, and unless a trail has been made in recent years, this is like the way of the transgressor. It is strewn with bowlders and fallen timber in such profusion as to be impassable for horses and well-nigh for men on foot. The only feasible route is up the backbone of the ridge on the north, following it even far above timber line, to a point opposite the mountain, then dropping down 3,000 feet into a little secluded meadow at the base. Here one is 5,000 feet below the summit, and the way there is clear—merely a long steep walk uphill.

Tracing the range southward, are passed in stately procession, Homestake Peak, 13,227 feet, at the head of the Arkansas; then, opposite Leadville, Massive Mountain, 14,424 feet, its broad, heavy outlines suggesting its name. The sharp cone of Elbert Peak, 14,421 feet, follows; then La Plata, 14,342 feet; Harvard, 14,375; Yale, 14,187; Princeton, 14,196; Shavano and Ouray, 13,956, named after the one-time chief of all the Utes. Like the mountains around South Park, none of these present any great difficulties of ascent. Indeed, one can ride to timber line, and on several of them to the summit. They are all of granite, and present broad, massive outlines, rounded below the timber line, sharp-cut and rugged above.

West of the Sawatch Range are the Elk Mountains in the Gunnison country. These are mainly composed of stratified sandstone, red, brown, and purple, the strata tilted, broken, and upheaved by eruptions and trachyte, which also forms mountains, easily distinguished in the landscape by their light, almost white, color. Castle Peak, of purple sandstone, afforded more of a climb than any other Colorado mountain with which I have any acquaintance. For this ascent we camped at timber line, 11,500 feet, at the southwest base of the peak, and started up the ridge which runs west from the summit. The face of this ridge is composed of horizontal beds of rock, presenting an alternation of cliffs and slopes. Our only way of surmounting the lower cliff was in finding a crevice, up which we climbed, putting the back against one wall and the feet against the other, and alternately raising the points of support, thus slowly and painfully making progress upward. Above the cliff was a steep slope, at the top of which was a second cliff, which we climbed in a similar manner, and so on to the top of

The Photocrome Co., Detroit.

GATEWAY AND PIKES PEAK.

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THE NEEDLES, SYLVAN LAKE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

One of the San Juan group.

the ridge. The ridge was very narrow in some places, with a cliff on either side, and while it was possible to walk on it, the prospect was not alluring. So we straddled it, using our hands for propellers. Occasionally the ridge widened, to support a pinnacle of rock, which we got around by close hugging, when it was not too large. We reached the top of the mountain just in time to be enveloped in a storm, and the few glimpses of the surrounding country which we obtained through gaps in the clouds were very unsatisfactory.

The San Juan group in southwestern Colorado also contains many fine mountains of great height, which offer an infinite variety in rock climbing. One of the best known of these summits is Uncompahgre Peak, 14,289 feet, in the northern part of the group. This mountain served as a station in the transcontinental triangulation of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. While it was under occupation the observers had camp established near the top, which they visited every clear day. Other notable summits in the northern part of this group are Sneffels, 14,158 feet; Wilson, 14,280; and Lizard Head, whose pinnacle is probably inaccessible to any being without wings. In this same mountain mass, south of Baker Park, is a fine, rugged group, known as the Needles, from the sharpness of the pinnacles into which the summits have weathered.

Going north into Wyoming, and across a great stretch of plateaus, the first range encountered is the Wind River, in which the Green, Snake, and Wind rivers have their source. And here is the classic Fremont Peak, 13,790 feet high, which the Pathfinder travelled 5,000 miles to discover, and reached its summit after infinite toil and danger. Across Jackson Hole, to the westward, are the Three Tetons, those landmarks of the early trappers. The chief of these, the Grand Teton, 13,651 feet, has a sheer slope of seventy degrees for 7,500 feet to Jackson Hole. It was first climbed by Messrs. N. P. Langford and James Stevenson, in 1872, and more recently by Mr. W. O. Owen. It is a long, painful ascent, involving real climbing much of the way, and especially in the last 500 feet. Here the difficulties and dangers are so great as to have deterred several nervy and experienced climbers.

In the Tetons are found the first glaciers, in the form of little fragments of moving ice. Although in the Colorado ranges there are everywhere evidences of their former existence, no glaciers exist there to-day.

In the Yellowstone National Park are many mountains, the most notable of them

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MOUNT WASHINGTON, THE HIGHEST OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

From Intervale, North Conway.

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OURAY AND HAYDEN MOUNTAINS, SAWATCH RANGE, ARKANSAS VALLEY.

13,956 feet high. View from the Blowout.

being Electric Peak, on the north boundary. It is the highest peak in the Park, having an altitude of 11,155 feet. Its unusual name suggests its story. In 1872, while connected with the Hayden Survey, and engaged in exploring this region, I had occasion to climb this peak. On reaching the summit, I was soon made aware that something unusual was going on. There was a humming and buzzing, as though a hive of bees was swarming. I soon *felt* the humming and buzzing in my fingers and toes. Then my hair and beard stood on end; but it was not until I received an electric spark

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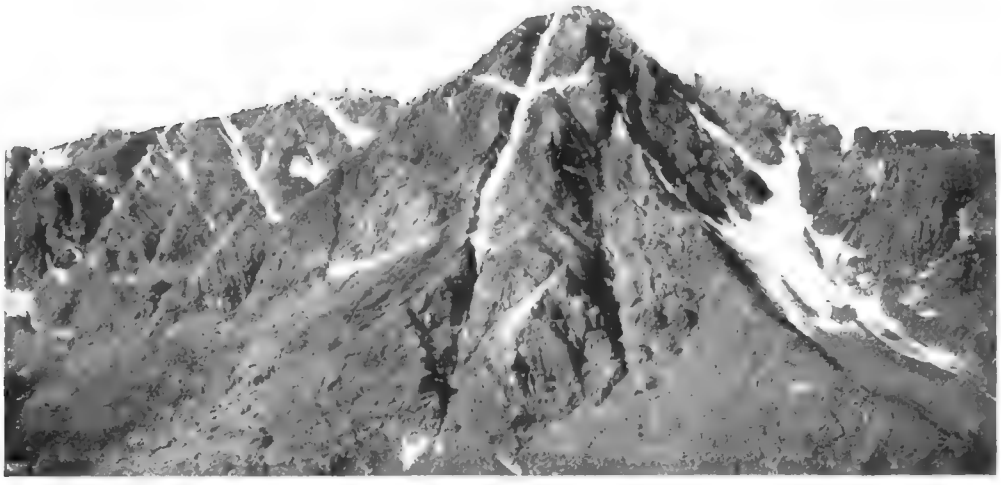

MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, SAWATCH RANGE, ARKANSAS VALLEY.

The cross is 1,500 feet high, and the arm 500 feet long.

from my theodolyte, by that time fully charged, that I discovered what was the matter. I was serving as a lightning-rod. I fled from the summit, leaving my instrument to the mercy of the storm, which by that time was very near. After going down a couple of hundred feet, I was relieved from the unpleasant sensations, and when the shower had passed, I returned to the top of the mountain and finished my work.

Near the northern boundary of Montana, the lower temperature and greater precipitation have produced glaciers of some magnitude, two, three, and four miles in length, so that these mountains contain vastly more snow and ice than those farther south. Though not by any means so high as those of Colorado, these mountains are extremely rugged and precipitous. Chief Mountain, on the boundary between the United States and Canada, is one of the finest peaks in this part of the Cordillera.

That great range which separates the desert from the fertile valley of California, the Sierra Nevada, rises like a great wall from the desert, from an altitude of 4,000 or 5,000 feet to 14,000 or 15,000 feet, while from its crest it slopes westward in great spurs, between which rivers flow in deep cañons, descending in thirty miles practically to sea level.

The highest peak, situated near the south end of the range, is Mount Whitney, 14,858 feet, named from the well-known geologist, at one time director of the State Geological Survey. It rises from a mass of spires and pinnacles, many of which closely approach it in height. It is not very difficult of ascent, and has been climbed by many; the first being Mr. Clarence King, by whom the name was applied.

Farther north, about the heads of Tuolumne River are Mounts Lyell, 13,042 feet, and Dana, 12,992 feet, named for the celebrated geologists. These peaks are not difficult of ascent, and are visited every summer.

In this higher part of the Sierra are many small glaciers, the last remains of the great sheet of ice which once covered the range, and which at a later stage, when broken up into streams of ice, cut the Yosemite and other gorges.

Farther north, traversing from north to south the States of Washington, Oregon, and northern California, is the Cascade Range, for the most part a volcanic range, being covered deeply with lava. At intervals along its crest, and on its flanks stand huge volcanic cones, built up of lava, ash, and scoria. The southernmost of these great cones is Shasta, in northern California,

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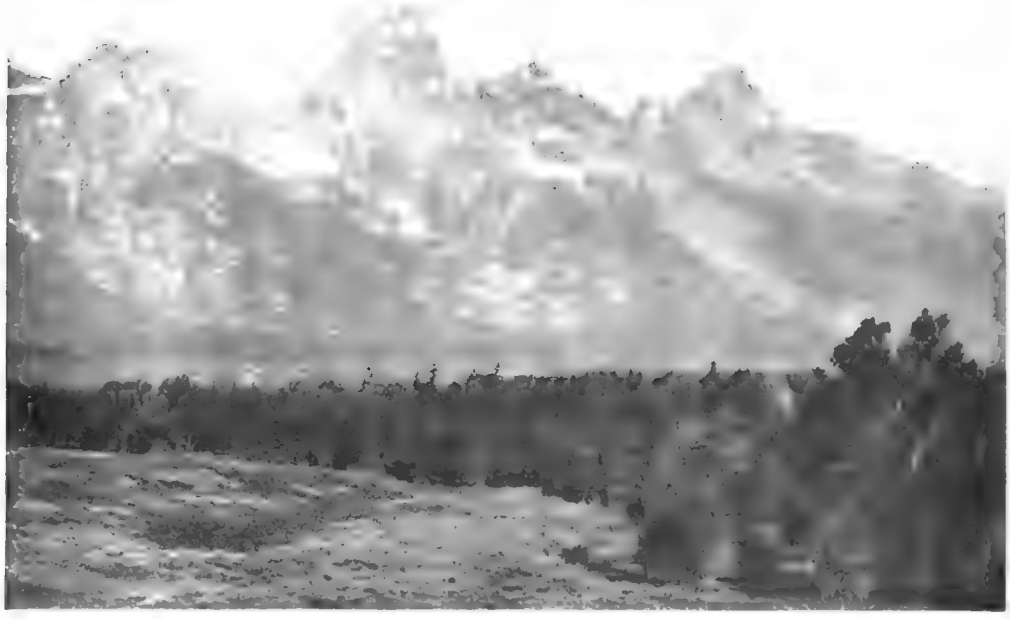
14,380 feet above the sea, with a base some 4,000 feet high. Shasta is a noble mountain, standing alone with clean-cut, dignified profile on all sides. It is easy of access. From the little town of Sissons two trails lead to the summit: one up the south face; the other, and longer one, up the southeast face. The shorter trail can be ridden only to the timber line, 9,000 feet, beyond which is a long steep walk uphill, in loose gravel, with a short, sharp clamber at top. The other trail may be ridden nearly to the summit. Indeed, mules have been taken to the very top, though it is hard to see how they can get up the last 500 feet.

Going northward up the Cascade Range into Oregon and Washington, we enter a region of heavy precipitation, where the higher mountains are perpetually snow-capped, and send glaciers down many thousands of feet. On these mountains the climbing is mainly over ice and snow, and the ice-axe, spikes, and ropes come into requisition.

And now in our northward progress we reach Mount Hood, the pride of Oregon, the scenic splendor of Portland, named by the English navigator, Vancouver, after an admiral of the British navy. It stands on the crest of the Cascade Range, twenty miles south of the Columbia, and, rising to a height of 11,225 feet, it occupies the centre of the stage in all the country around. Seen from the east or west, it has the form of a sharp white cone. From north or south the summit is broad, suggesting the crater which its top probably contained before eroding agencies had broken down its southern wall.

But of all the dead volcanoes of the Cascades, Mount Rainier is the king. This magnificent dome, rising 14,526 feet above the sea, named by Vancouver for his friend, Admiral Rainier, of the Royal Navy, stands on the western slope of the Cascade Range, sixty or seventy miles southeast of the city of Tacoma. Its dome is a mass of snow and ice, from which radiate in all directions streams of ice, some of them reaching within 3,000 feet of sea level. I said it was dead, but it still breathes, for its summit is warm, and hot sulphurous gas is still emitted. It



THE TETON RANGE FROM THE EAST, COLORADO.

In the Tetons, landmarks of the early trappers, the highest peak being 13,651 feet, are found the first glaciers, in the form of little fragments of moving ice.

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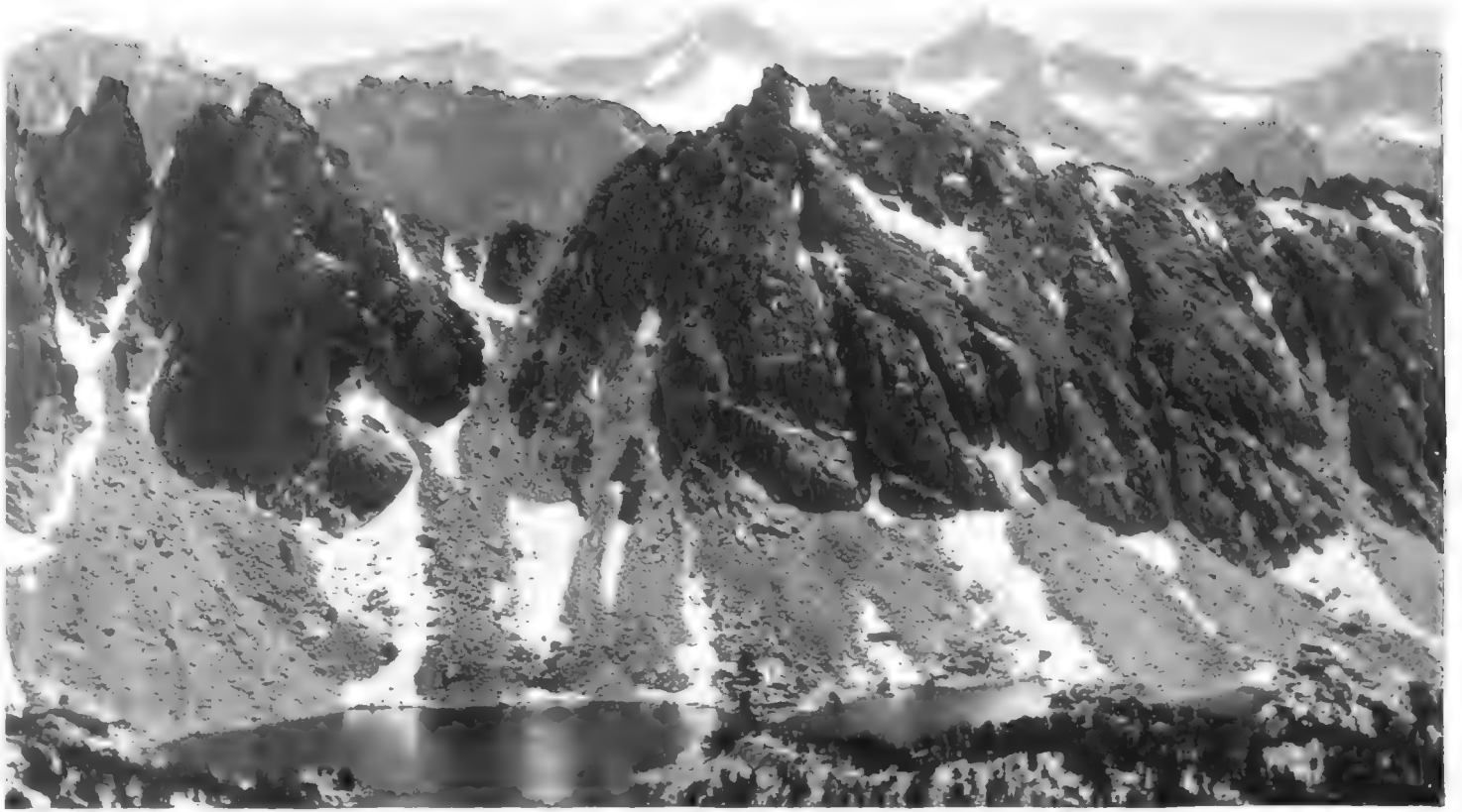

Photograph by Joseph N. Le Conte.

VIEW WEST OF SIERRA NEVADAS, CALIFORNIA, FROM KEARSAGE PASS.

The head waters of Kings River, with Mount Brewer, the highest peak, in the centre background.

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MOUNT HOOD, THE PRIDE OF OREGON.
11,225 feet high, on the crest of the Cascade Range.

was first ascended by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, in the summer of 1870, and later in the same year by Messrs. S. F. Emmons and A. D. Wilson, of the Fortieth Parallel Survey. Since then, though it is by no means an easy and safe climb, hundreds have ascended it.

Glacier Peak, 10,436 feet, stands on the crest of the range, a few miles north of the mining camp of Monte Cristo. It is a very rugged, icy, inaccessible mountain, and has been ascended, so far as I know, but once.

The Alaskan Coast is all mountains. From Portland Canal to the Aleutian Islands, there is little level land. The mountains rise sharply from the water's edge in cliffs and extraordinarily steep slopes, to altitudes of thousands of feet. They range widely in height, reaching in Mount Fairweather, between Cross Sound and Yakutat Bay, 16,000 feet; in Mount Saint Elias, 18,100 feet, and culminating in Mount McKinley, at the head of Sushitna River, 20,464 feet, the highest summit in North America.

In these mountains are hundreds of glaciers; not little, mile-long fragments of ice, but great lakes and rivers of ice, scores of miles in length. The Muir Glacier is as large as the State of Rhode Island, and is but one of a score of equal extent. Many of these glaciers reach the sea, and protrude their fronts into deep water, dropping icebergs from them with thundering sound.

The Fairweather Range follows the coast closely from Cross Sound northwest to Yakutat Bay, rising from the sea abruptly to altitudes of two to three vertical miles. It is a magnificent range, with its line of sharp, snowy peaks, and its mantle of glacial ice lying on either flank. I know of no finer view than is to be had from the deck of a vessel steaming along the front of this range on a clear, sunny day. The deep blue of the sea, the fringe of dark green forest on the shore, and above it the alternations of white ice and black rock rising into cerrated peaks. Here is a virgin and an almost unlimited field for mountain climbing.

Mount St. Elias stands west of Yakutat Bay about thirty miles inland from the coast. The approach to it is over an immense field of nearly stagnant ice, the Malaspina Glacier, which is fed by the streams from Mount St. Elias and neighboring mountains, and which wastes mainly by melting under the summer sun, for only a small part of its front reaches the sea, to drop icebergs into the water. For many years the scalp of St. Elias was sought, and many hardy mountain climbers have expended

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Photograph by Joseph N. Le Conte.

VIEW OF SIERRA NEVADAS SOUTH FROM SUMMIT OF MOUNT LYELL, WHICH RISES 13,227 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND LIES ON THE BORDERS OF TUOLUMNE, MARIPOSA, FRESNO, AND MONO COUNTIES, CALIFORNIA.

Mount Brewer in foreground; Mount Ritter and Banner Peak, the most prominent in the background. Both about 13,000 feet high.

Photograph by W. H. Wilcox.

OLYMPIC RANGE, WASHINGTON.

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MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON'S PRIDE.

14,526 feet high, the king of all the dead volcanoes of the Cascades.

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money and effort in vain attempts to reach its summit. Among them were Schwatka, Topham, Russell, and Bryant. Of these Russell achieved the greatest measure of success, as in one of his two attempts he reached an altitude of 14,000 feet, and would without question have reached the summit had not bad weather intervened. It remained for an Italian, Prince Luigi of Savoy, to succeed where Americans had failed. In 1897, at the head of a large and well-appointed party, he set out from Yakutat, following the route pursued by Russell. Favored by the weather, by experience, and thorough preparation, the party made its way to the summit without serious difficulty, making, in a few hours, the 4,000 feet which had separated Russell from the coveted goal.

A few score of miles in the interior, near the head of Sushitna River, and north of the head of Cook Inlet, is an enormous mountain mass, the central and highest peak of which is Mount McKinley. From this mass great glaciers flow down to the low country, one of them stretching from the central peak down to the Sushitna, a length of forty miles. No attempt has yet been made upon this great mountain; indeed, no one has yet approached it nearer than forty miles, the height having been determined by vertical angles taken at that distance. Even the camera fiend has not succeeded in stealing his portrait. But the fact that here stands, unclimbed, the highest peak in North America, overtopping St. Elias by half a vertical mile, is a standing challenge to adventurous spirits, to whom labor, exposure, and danger are trifles, when there is a prospect of reaching its summit. And such spirits are not wanting in this country. Even in the effete East, in staid Boston, is a mountain-climbing club, the Appalachian, which numbers about 1,200 members. This club exists not alone for the love of climbing and adventure, although its members have made many notable climbs, but it is concerned with other and more serious aims. In the construction of roads and trails, and other work of development of mountain playgrounds, it has taken a leading part. It has mapped unknown mountain regions. In the movement for the preservation of our forests it has aided greatly, and in the development of art in landscape photography it has had great influence.

In Denver is the Rocky Mountain Club; in San Francisco the Sierra Club, of which John Muir, the great nature lover, is the president; and in the Northwest are the Mazamas, with headquarters at Portland. This club has a very select membership, since it enforces the condition that a candidate shall have climbed a snow-clad mountain at least 10,000 feet in height.

MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, ALASKA.

18,100 feet high.

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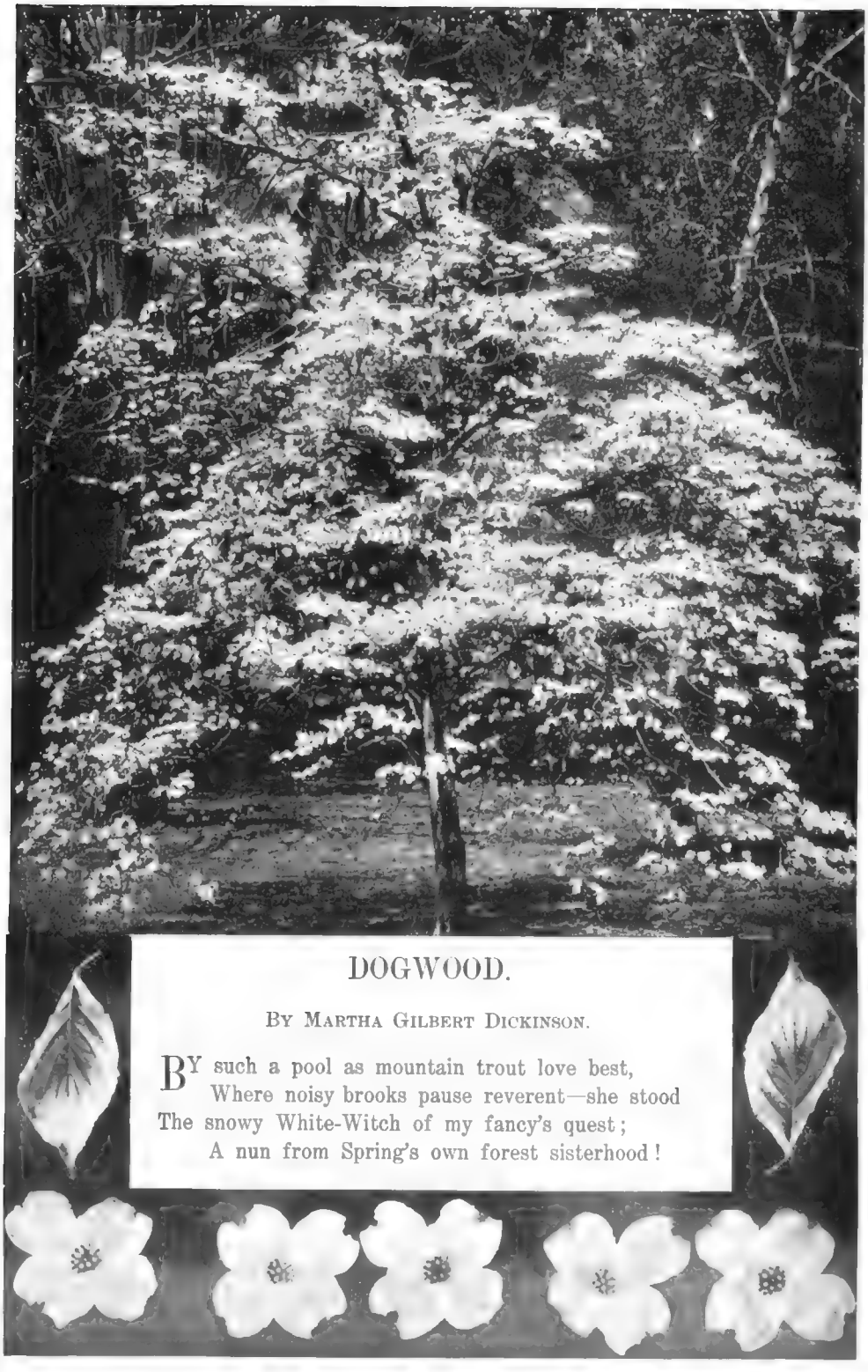

DOGWOOD.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

BY such a pool as mountain trout love best,
Where noisy brooks pause reverent—she stood
The snowy White-Witch of my fancy's quest;
A nun from Spring's own forest sisterhood!

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A TOUCH-DOWN.

By Eleanor Hoyt.

Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"THAT," said Nancy, "was the summer when I had only one proposal."

The man who came often looked from the glowing fire to the glowing face.

"Why did you go to a place where there was only one man?" he inquired drowsily.

Nancy twinkled appreciatively. There is a distinct satisfaction in throwing bouquets to Nancy. She is an uncommonly good catcher, and artistic curves are never wasted upon her.

"Bobby," she said, with an admiration slightly exaggerated, "no one could have done better, at such short notice. You are improving, but you must be very careful. If you keep on this way you'll be getting subtle, and that wouldn't match your mouth and shoulders."

She looked at him with a meditative tilt of her fluffy head. He was still blinking sleepily from the effect of the open fire.

Nancy's face cleared.

"Its mediumistic," she asserted, with the triumphant air of one who solves a puzzling problem. "I've noticed that your finest efforts always occur when you are in the trance state. Bobby, your control is a scholar and a gentleman. I make him my compliments. I'd like to meet him in the flesh. Tell him I'm sorry he passed out before I had a chance at him."

"My control is feminine," said Bobby, with wide-awake emphasis.

Nancy shook her head.

"No. The quality of your trance compliments would suggest that. They are better than the ordinary masculine effort, but I suppose that is because they are purely subjective. One thing is sure, Bobby, no feminine control, no matter how far behind she had left her objectivity, would allow you to make the compliments to another woman. It's against nature."

The man who came often forsook the big leather chair and stood before the fire. He loomed preternaturally big and broad-shouldered, outlined against the glow, in the gathering twilight, and the small bundle of femininity looked up at him with a whimsical mixture of approval and protest.

"Would you mind sitting down again?" she asked pathetically. "Someway or other you look so monumental and I feel like such an atom. I don't like it. It disturbs my sense of values. I can't be disrespectful to you when you are up there. I'd as soon think of being impertinent to the Pyramids. I can overlook mental and moral qualities, but sheer size awes me. That's why I hate going to the mountains. They snuff me out. I can't frivol before them. Six months in the mountains would reduce me to abject cringing humility. Do sit down, Bobby."

Bobby subsided into the leather chair. He could see Nancy's face better from there, which may have accounted for his docility.

"But about that summer?" he asked.

Nancy sighed.

"I struggled against mountains and Aunt Maria that summer. I might have defied the mountains. They weren't very big ones—but Aunt Maria! Mt. Blanc is a molehill beside Aunt Maria."

"She *is* rather a whale," assented Bobby cheerfully.

"It isn't her avoirdupois," Nancy said grimly. "She does weigh two hundred pounds, but that's a mere bagatelle. It's her moral force that towers, Bobby. 'Whale!'—why, Aunt Maria would make the leviathan look like a minnow. You'd understand what I mean if she had ever chaperoned you."

"She left no room on the mountains for men?"

"Exactly. There were men—oodles of them; but Aunt Maria obscured the view. I might as well have been in a nunnery. Now, I approve of chaperons, in a way."

"Well, they are generally in the way," murmured Bobby; but Nancy ignored the interruption.

"Chaperons have their uses," she went on. "So have the commandments. One must have something to break. One must have some one to elude."

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"On the same principle one feels an undying gratitude to guide-posts," said Bobby. "They make it possible for one to choose the wrong road beyond shadow of a doubt. Are you so truly good, little woman, that you have to say things like that in order to ward off danger of immediate translation?"

He was smiling, but something in his tone made Nancy blush. There are times when the big quiet man with the honest eyes makes her feel that she has been guilty of a crime against good taste. It isn't a comfortable sensation, and it moves her to detest Bobby cordially. At least she tells herself that it does.

This time there was no ground for open resentment, so she overlooked the criticism implied.

"Speaking of chaperons—" she began.

"But I was speaking of guide-posts," objected Bobby.

"It's quite the same thing," Nancy insisted airily. "Both persist in pointing out places to which they've never been. The giddier a chaperon has been, the more strenuous she is. The only really liberal chaperon I ever had was dear old Aunt Elizabeth, who was such a saint herself that she was tremendously optimistic about other people. Now they do say that Aunt Maria was a terror before she took on so much of the flesh that she couldn't travel fast enough to keep up with the world and the devil; but as a chaperon——"

"'IT'S HER MORAL FORCE THAT TOWERS, BOBBY.'"

Nancy's pause was full of emphasis.

"I should think it would be easy to lose her," Bobby suggested. "She's too large a body to move rapidly."

Nancy's expression was tragic.

"You don't know her. She's a contradiction of natural law. I used to believe that no one body could be in two places at one and the same time. That's a mistake. Aunt Maria can do it. I suppose it's because there is so much of her. With fifty more pounds she would probably be ubiquitous. She chaperoned me only one summer. One was enough. I didn't choose her even then. She offered herself up as a sacrifice to family welfare. You see, Reginald Cartwright had devoted himself to me for three months. The family dreamed dreams and saw visions. I've a very hopeful family, Bobby. Nothing really discourages them. Each season they forget last season's crushing blows, and plan the furnishings for my town house and the arrangement of the staterooms on my yacht. Hope springs eternal in the parental breast. Aunt Maria believes in the

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town house and the yacht, but she isn't patient. She approved of Reggy. He had to go to Homburg with his mother in June. Aunt Maria was convinced that if I didn't fly off at a tangent before he could return

degeneration of the heart is what one has when one's heart swells abnormally, isn't it?"

Bobby sighed.

"There are other names for it," he said

"LOOMED PRETERNATURALLY BIG AND BROAD SHOULDERED."

in September, we could launch the yacht before Christmas. So she chaperoned me.

"That was a great summer, Bobby. Aunt Maria won my undying hatred and my ardent admiration. She was noble. She has the endurance of the early martyrs. Fatty

impressively, but ruined the effect by joining in Nancy's derisive grin.

"Aunt Maria has fatty degeneration of the conscience," the young woman announced positively. "She must have been uncommonly bad to be forced into such unnatural goodness now."

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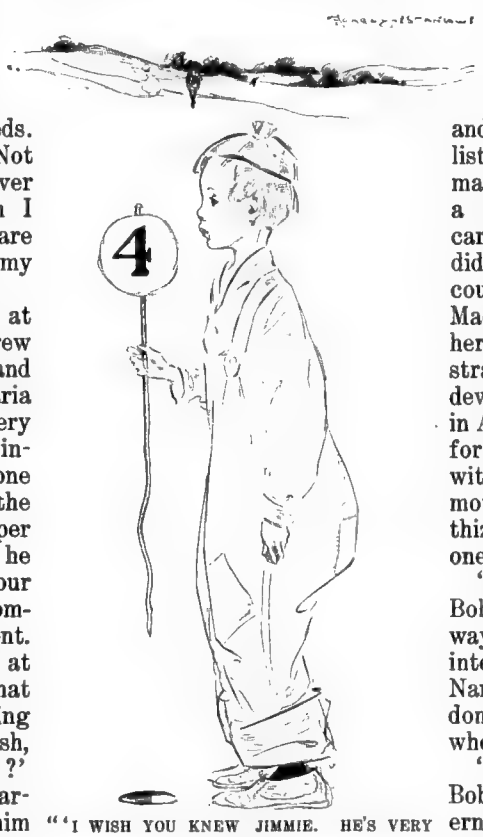
"Did she have a happy summer?" Bobby asked doubtfully.

Nancy twinkled.

"I did my best for her. She wanted to reduce. I gave her the chance of a lifetime. I didn't stay in one place for five consecutive minutes. I wore myself to shreds. Tire Aunt Maria? Not a bit of it. She never left me, except when I was asleep, and, I dare say, she sat outside my door then.

"It was maddening at first, later on it grew funny. Men came and men went, but Aunt Maria went on forever. Every one was absorbingly interested. We were one of the attractions of the place. If the hotel keeper had had any soul, he would have lowered our rates and given us a commission on entertainment. Guests used to say at breakfast, 'Well, what shall we do this morning—drive, or row, or fish, or watch the chaperon?'

"When a new guest arrived, they showed him the bottomless lake and Baldhead mountain and—Aunt Maria. Every man who came set a lance at rest against her.



"'I WISH YOU KNEW JIMMIE. HE'S VERY LOVABLE.'"

"It wasn't that I was attractive. The venturesome masculine spirit merely longed for conquest. It was like one of the nice old tales of chivalry and magic. One knight after another besieged the enchanted castle and fought the dragon. The plain was strewn with dead men's bones, Bobby.

"In a way, I was more popular than ever before, but I couldn't be vain over it. I understood that not my personal charm, but a desire to do up the dragon was what made men cry for me. Whenever a new man buckled on his armor, betting ran high. Everybody watched with undisguised glee.

"Teddy Winslow was so excited one morning when he thought his college chum was going to make a touch-down that he let off a Yale yell and spoiled the whole thing."

"How did you behave?" asked Bobby suspiciously.

"Like a cherub. There was no use in rebelling; and, after all, Aunt Maria was my aunt, you know, and I wouldn't enter the lists against her. I remained neutral. I was a shuttlecock; I didn't care what the battledores did with me. If a man could score, by sheer Machiavellian strategy or heroism, I wouldn't lay a straw in his way; but I developed a positive pride in Aunt Maria. I wouldn't for worlds have interfered with one of her strategic moves. I really sympathized with her in her one defeat."

"Who was the man?" Bobby inquired. He always shows a flattering interest in the heroes of Nancy's stories. She seldom gratifies it, save when the joke is on her.

"You don't know him, Bobby. He was a Western man, with a Harvard-Heidelberg lacquer—a really beautiful being—the sort of a man who always hears 'Hail! the conquering hero comes' playing inside of his head, and keeps step to it.

"He came, he saw, he conquered—Aunt Maria. He had only two weeks, and it took him three days to appreciate the situation. Then the blood of fighting ancestors rose. He's a relative of Farragut. He quoted, '—— the torpedoes!' and steamed ahead.

"Aunt Maria complimented him by taking a particular dislike to him.

"Don't talk to me about Argus! He was a stone-blind deaf-mute compared with my guardian.

"The Western man and I golfed all day long. Aunt Maria carried a large green umbrella and a look of stolid endurance, and trudged over the links with me. She

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said she wouldn't interfere with my pleasures, but she knew her duty.

"I might have had an occasional *tête-à-tête* if I had danced, but the doctor had forbidden dancing that summer.

"You wouldn't believe that a man and a girl could be in the same hotel for two weeks and never have five minutes alone. Now would you, Bobby? The thing can happen. Ten days went by—eleven—twelve.

"Teddy told me that the Western man had bet him one hundred dollars to fifty that he would propose to me before leaving. Teddy wanted me to think of some little token of appreciation that he could buy with ten dollars of the hundred and present to Aunt Maria.

"The afternoon of the twelfth day, we were all sitting on the terrace and one of the gardeners killed a garter-snake on the lawn below us. Aunt Maria turned green. Somebody ran for water, and somebody else offered smelling salts, and I patted her on the back. She revived, after a while,

"'SHE SAID SHE WOULDN'T INTERFERE WITH MY PLEASURES, BUT SHE KNEW HER DUTY.'"

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and apologized—said she was dreadfully ashamed, but that she had always felt that way about snakes. She wasn't afraid of anything else in the world, but the very sight of a snake terrified her beyond words and robbed her of every vestige of self-control.

"Then we talked of other things, but Aunt Maria was still pale, and I noticed that the Western man seemed quiet and thoughtful. After a while he got up and strolled off toward the golf grounds, and when we went for a drive, a little later, I saw him sitting on a bunker and talking to Jimmy, my favorite caddy.

"The next morning, Jimmy wasn't waiting for me as usual. I didn't see him all day, and I missed him. I adored Jimmy. He was fourteen years old, and had more freckles to a square inch of face than any other mortal I've ever seen. There wasn't room for many of them on his nose, for it was small and turned up in the most impertinent fashion, but they spread over his forehead and cheeks and neck and ran down in a deep V over his chest, where the two top shirt buttons were always missing. He had a shock of red hair, home-cut, and he wore a scarlet golf cap with a big hole in the crown through which a tuft of red hair waved wildly.

"His eyelashes and eyebrows were perfectly white. He was thin beyond all belief, and his bare legs and arms looked like pipe-stems, but his mouth turned up at the corners in a most delightful way, and his eyes were the funniest, frankest, sauciest eyes ever put into a boy's head. I wanted to buy Jimmy. If Aunt Maria had, for a moment, suspected my real feeling for him, she wouldn't have had a restful moment.

"That was a long day without Jimmy."

"And the Western man?" added Bobby.

Nancy looked hurt.

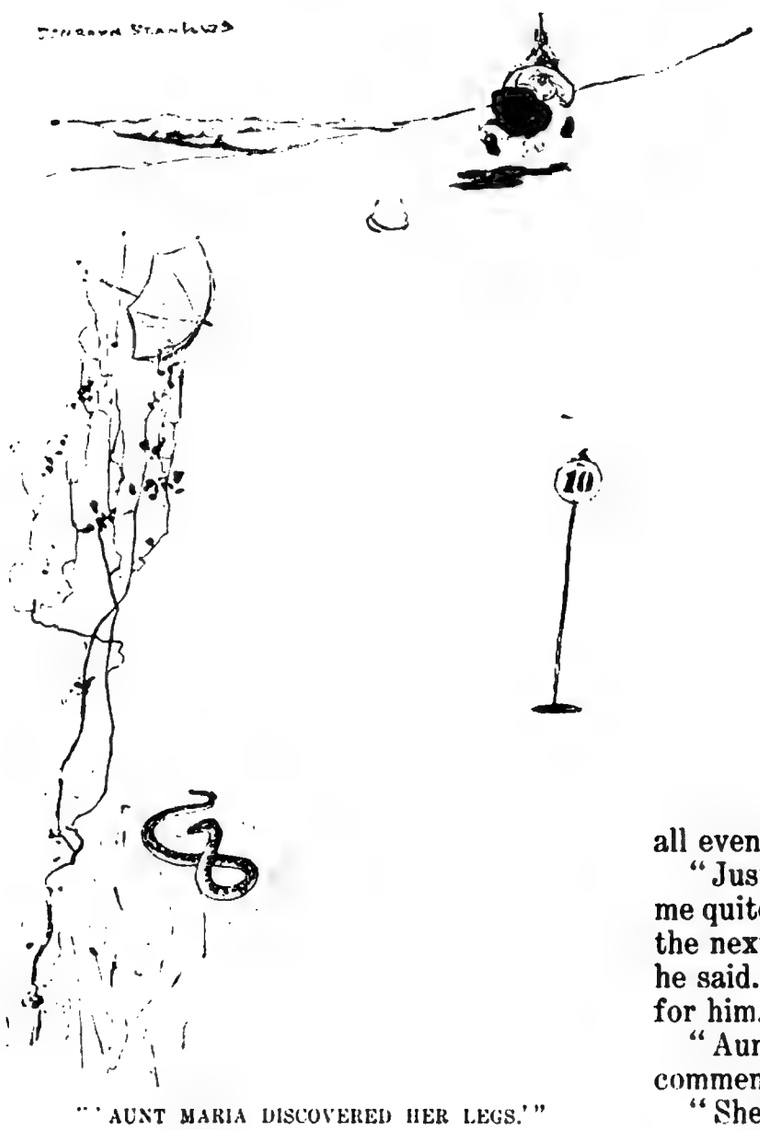
"I wasn't interested in him. Still, one couldn't help wondering what had become of him, and why he had thrown up the fight just before the finish. Teddy said he had decided to send to Boston for fruit for Aunt Maria. She loves fruit and the hotel keeper seemed prejudiced against it.

"At dinner, the Western man appeared, immaculate and in beaming good-humor. I never saw a man less depressed by defeat. He did look a trifle tired, but he explained that he had been off for a long tramp. Jimmy had been showing him the country. He didn't try very hard to be with me. Evidently he had given in to the dragon and intended accepting defeat like a gentleman. Aunt Maria was so gratified that she thawed to him. I saw her offer him her throat lozenges twice, and she smiled all evening.

"Just before we went upstairs, he asked me quite cheerfully if I would golf with him the next morning. 'I have to go at noon,' he said. Aunt Maria almost looked sorry for him."

"Aunt Maria should read more history," commented Bobby.

"She has a big steel engraving of 'Wash-



"'AUNT MARIA DISCOVERED HER LEGS.'"

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ington Crossing the Delaware' hanging over her bed," said Nancy; "but she wasn't expecting a surprise in this siege. She was downstairs with her green umbrella when I went to breakfast the next morning. She and the Western man and I tripped merrily to the links. Jimmy joined us there. Three buttons were gone from his shirt instead of the usual two. His legs had a few extra scratches, and one trousers leg was damaged beyond repair, but his eyes were dancing to rag-time. I wish you knew Jimmy. He's very lovable."

"I'll look him up and study his methods," said the man who came often.

"It isn't method. It's personality," explained Nancy discouragingly. "We started out for the first hole—the man and I in front, Aunt Maria a close second, and Jimmy ranging far afield. The man was most cheerful. I felt rather hurt by it. The occasion was a melancholy one—last day, last game, parting at noon. No man with a taste for high art would have grinned like a Cheshire cat around fifteen holes of a golf course.

"After the fourteenth drive, Jimmy developed a new propensity. He simply wouldn't go on ahead and watch the ball. He hung behind, and dawdled around and showed an unnatural love for Aunt Maria's company and conversation. The man didn't seem to notice it, and when I complained, he only laughed and said Jimmy was a queer little cuss and fond of having his own way. Evidently nothing could disturb the creature's good-nature.

"The fifteenth hole is the one farthest from the hotel, quite out of sight of the veranda and terrace. It is in a little patch of meadow-ground, with the woods on one side of it and a low stone fence between it and the hill sloping up toward the hotel.

"We approached and dropped both balls on the green. I took my putter, and Jimmy went back to Aunt Maria instead of standing by the hole.

"I glanced at him as he moved away and caught him giving the Western man one long solemn wink. I noticed, too, that he was fumbling at the strap of the pocket in the caddy-bag. I had put my clubs in the man's bag so that one caddy could carry for both of us.

"I gripped my putter and sized up the hole. Suddenly I heard a shriek behind me

"'MY CHAPERON HAD ALTOGETHER FAILED ME. I WAS LEFT TO MY FATE.'"

and whirled around. For one instant I saw Aunt Maria stand petrified by terror. A big black-snake was writhing at her feet, and Jimmy was hitting at it heroically with a cleek. There was another wild shriek. Aunt Maria discovered her legs. So did we. She grabbed her skirts firmly on both sides and hoisted them with a fine disregard of conventional prejudice. Then she started for the hotel. You would never believe she could strike such a pace, Bobby. It was phenomenal. Her white stockings simply twinkled over the green. The umbrella was abandoned at the start. Her hat went at the end of the first ten-rod dash. She cleared the stone fence like a bird and flew on up the hill, letting off diminuendo shrieks as her breath gradually gave out. Jimmy ran after her, yelling as though the snake were in hot pursuit. They disappeared over the brow of the hill. My chaperon had altogether failed me. I was left to my fate."

Nancy paused. Bobby made no remark.

"I suppose," said Nancy reflectively, after a rich silence—"I suppose a Western man never loses his fine direct simplicity and assurance, even when Harvard and Heidel-

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"BOBBY OFTEN WONDERED WHETHER SHE LOOKED AT THE OTHER MEN SO WHEN SHE REFUSED THEM."

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berg have done their worst for him. On the whole, I believe I like it. It seems to relieve one of all responsibility in dealing with him. Now, a man born to Harvard or Heidelberg might make the fatal mistake of asking permission on starting discussion."

Bobby's under jaw suggested bad temper. Nancy's funny stories often affect him that way. She had reduced it to a science.

"Of course he proposed?"

Nancy smiled sweetly.

"Oh, yes, indeed—very nicely. It would have been a pity to miss it. I didn't accept him. I had a mighty longing to do it, just in order to see how severe a shock Western nerve would stand, but I feared complications. We went back to the hotel most amicably. Jimmy met us on the steps. His grin was a thing to conjure with.

"'D' je put in?' he asked.

"The Western man laughed.

"'It was Miss Reynolds's hole, Jimmy,' he said.

"He went away on the noon coach. Aunt Maria came down to see him off and found him so radiant that she lapsed into murky gloom, but she cheered up after Teddy led her aside and told her that the enemy had proposed and been refused. Teddy was in a position to know. Still, after a talk with Jimmy, his spirits soared superior to his misfortune. He even confided to me that he'd have given another fifty to see the black-snake loft Aunt Maria over the fence."

"Where's Cartwright now?" Bobby asked irrelevantly.

"Married. He fell a victim to an English widow just when Aunt Maria was in the thick of the fray. Pathetic, wasn't it?"

"No one keeps you for me when I'm away." Bobby's tone suggested distinct sulkiness. "I suppose you had all sorts of proposals while you were south this winter."

"Eleven," Nancy announced promptly. "Horrid awkward number, wasn't it? I couldn't make it twelve without encouraging the elevator boy's hopeless passion. Still the season isn't over yet, and——"

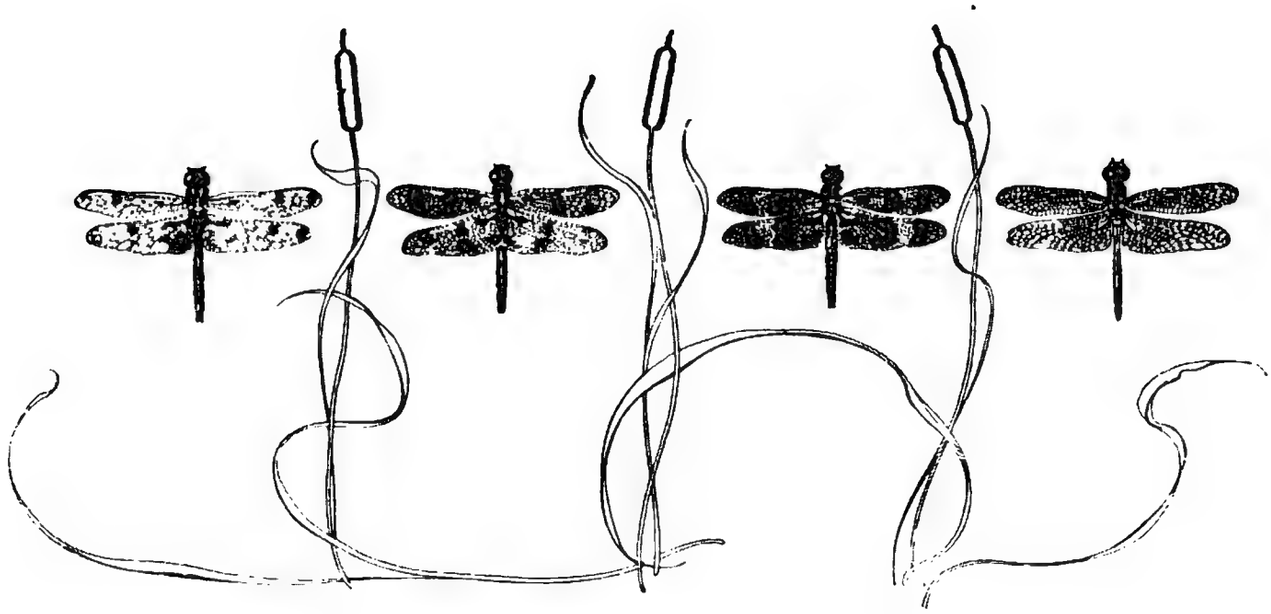
"Call it twelve, Nancy."

Bobby was smiling again, but his eyes were in earnest.

Nancy's little air of gratitude was touching.

"Now that's sweet of you," she said effusively; "I'll feel so much more comfortable about the record, but, Bobby—" She leaned toward him confidentially. Her lips and dimples were mocking, but there was a soft little light in her eyes. Bobby often wondered whether she looked at the other men so when she refused them.

"Bobby," said the laughing lips, "you are very generous and very brave; does it ever strike you that you are also very rash?"



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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, with Decorations by Joseph E. Laub.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Atossa, daughter of Cyrus, King of Persia, betrothed to Belshazzar, King of Babylon, now attended hither by her young lover, Darius, with other Persian Princes, is received by Avil-Marduk, Chief Priest of Bel, and his hated foe, Daniel, the Jew, the "Civil Minister," now old in the service of Belshazzar, and much honored by the people. Proceeding in pomp to the palace, they are brought to a stand by the sudden peril of Daniel's daughter, Ruth, through the fury of an escaped royal lion, which Darius quickly pierces with an arrow. Thus, saving Ruth from the lion, and incidentally from the King, Darius finds a friend in her betrothed, Isaiah, the young Jew, while Ruth herself is kept hidden in the country. Daniel, Darius, and Isaiah, thus closely brought together, are not long in learning that the king has attempted by this marriage with a daughter of Cyrus to avert suspicion of his Egyptian league against Persia.

One Gudea, a crafty exorcist, whose murderous profession Isaiah has discredited, seeks redress of Avil-Marduk, claiming that it was Isaiah who had murdered Saruch, a rich merchant and pious servant of the gods. The High Priest, therefore, easily bribes Gudea to collect evidence against the Jews, meaning Isaiah and his father-in-law, Daniel.

At this time Darius is warned by the Lady Atossa to be on his guard against the morrow's hunt; but he, disregarding, narrowly escapes treachery in the royal forest, thus showing the king's hand, and is thrown into prison, where Avil-Marduk has also succeeded by this time in putting Daniel.

Mysteriously as he disappeared, Isaiah now reappears, during the great procession of Bel, at the head of the temple steps, foretelling the doom of Babylon; the people, meanwhile, crying out in fear, "The gods are angry on account of Daniel. Spare Daniel," while the priests of Bel reply with "Death to the Jews," and set upon Isaiah. A riot follows. Isaiah, given by Atossa a talisman which shall vouch for the tidings he is about to carry to Susa, once more disappears. The king, meanwhile, having quelled the riot and granted amnesty to all save Isaiah, accuses Darius of plotting against Babylon, condemns him to death, yet sends, withal, by Gobryas, the General, veiled protests of peace to Cyrus. While the latter takes counsel with his princes, Isaiah, appearing at Susa with tidings of Belshazzar's double-dealing toward Darius and Atossa, promises to deliver their captives in safety to Cyrus, if the King of Persia will aid him in liberating the Jews by making war on the King of Babylon. Cyrus then declares war, and Isaiah returns secretly, as he came, to Babylon, and makes preparations for the escape of Daniel and Darius. One night, the guards being drugged, Isaiah, Daniel, Darius, and Zerubabel, an apostate Jew, making their way through the tunnel under the Euphrates, are stopped by the guards, now roused by the barking of dogs, and Daniel is retaken, while the others escape.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE had come a Tartar cavalryman into Babylon: a small wiry man on a bay horse fleet as Bel's lightning bolt. He had ridden straight up to the palace gate, and flung his lance against the bronze-faced doors, turned the head of his steed, and galloped headlong from the city, no man molesting. Thrust on the head of the lance was a leaf of papyrus, and they had brought the letter to Belshazzar; after which he and his ministers wagged their heads in long debate.

"Thus says Cyrus, King of Nations, to Belshazzar his perjured and unfaithful slave. Your guile and your plot is known unto me. Would you live and not die? Disband then your armies; throw down your walls; send me your treasure, and your choicest harem-women; likewise restore unharmed my daughter and the Prince Darius, my servant. But if you do otherwise, behold! I will make Babylon as Nineveh, a dwelling for starving wolves; and as for you, I will cut off your ears and nose, and chain you forty days at my palace door, that other perjurers may see and tremble, and after that you shall be crucified. Farewell."

When this was read, Avil cried out to burn the last bridge and cast Darius's head into the Persian camp. But the king had shaken his head. "The prince was a hostage"—he repeated the word often—"Cyrus would never dare to pass beyond threats." Therefore the ministers departed, and Belshazzar sought to drown his fears in wine. He had called for Atossa to come and drink with him. To save the life of Darius, he asked her, jeering, would she not write in her own hand to Cyrus, and warn him to postpone the war? But Belshazzar, who had known only the simpering women of his seraglio, was cowed at the burst of womanly passion he had raised.

"But you have loved Darius," the king protested, sorely abashed; "so Mermaza, who watched you, swears."

"Yes"—Atossa's anger was becoming terrible—"I *have* loved him. But I do not love his poor body more than his Aryan

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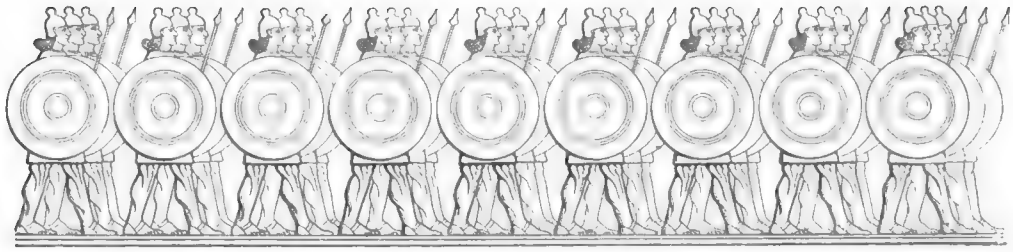

honor. To us death and life may be a very little thing; but outrage, insult, oath breaking—Ahura may forgive such things, not we!"

"Out of my sight, woman!" thundered Belshazzar; and he had spurned her. The eunuchs took her away. The king drank alone, draining goblet after goblet of the most heady "Elamite"; but though he wished it, he could not grow drunken. His body-eunuchs put him to bed. He tossed long on the India-web pillows and the Sidonian purple. They had bathed his feet in perfumed water at last, and very late he fell asleep.

Midnight. The king turned once on his pillows, and the eunuchs' hearts commenced quaking. Anew he slept soundly, and they were again rejoiced. . . . But what was this hasting of feet on the stairway, this thundering summons to the guard below not to hinder? "The king! The king!" Sirusur the *Tartan* was before the eunuchs, sword drawn, fully armed. "Rouse his Majesty," commanded the general, halting his run. "Darius the Persian is fled!" A eunuch stood by the bedside, awoke the king, and told him. The fellow had vowed a sheep to Samas, but the god did not favor. The king caught the short sword, ever ready, and smote the messenger of ill tidings to the floor. Then he raged from the chamber, and even Sirusur fell on his knees, cowering; for the king's wrath passed that of bayed lions.

"Who commanded the watch?" came from Belshazzar.

"Zikha, 'captain of a thousand.'"

"Let Zikha be impaled at dawn. And now, Sirusur, where is the fugitive? Speak, as you love life!"

"He fled by the tunnel, Lord. The guards were drugged. Traitors aided. Daniel fled with them also, but has been retaken."

"Daniel? Namtar, the plague-fiend, destroy him! Is the tunnel flooded?"

"We flooded the tunnel, but the Persian had a long start. The exit is poorly guarded. The bridge is raised, so we send soldiers across the river by boat. Nergal grant they nip Darius ere he pass the city gate!"

"Bring Daniel the Jew before me!" and Belshazzar's teeth shone white with hate. The men obeyed silently. The king stood in the palace gallery, the light of one red torch touching the blood of the slaughtered eunuch on his sword blade. The anger on his face was fearful. The old Jew's dress had been torn to shreds, his white hair fouled by blood and mire, his left arm hung limp at his side. Two petty officers upbore him. They thought to hear Belshazzar cry, "slay" at first sight; but the king reined his passion enough to taunt bitterly:

"Ha! Is it custom to quit the king's house with so scant leave-taking?"

The old man shook back his bloody locks and looked straight into Belshazzar's rage-shot eyes. "As you have kept faith to me and mine, so have I to you, O King!"

"Revile me now?" Belshazzar's sword whistled as he brandished. Before a mere reed Daniel might have winced not less.

"I do not revile. True servant have I been to you and your fathers. My reward is this!" He held up his right arm, with the red ring marked by the fetter. "And this"—Belshazzar swung the sword higher—"one last mercy—a swift death."

But Daniel had shaken off the soldiers. He stood erect. Some power from his eyes stayed that upraised hand as by a spell. "No, Lord of the Chaldees! You cannot kill me; nor all your sword-hands. For I am mightier than they."

They heard the king laugh; but the weapon sank at his side.

Belshazzar had moved two steps backward, turning his head to escape the Hebrew's compelling gaze, but could not; and he watched with a fascinated, uneasy smile.

"O King, as in former days the word of

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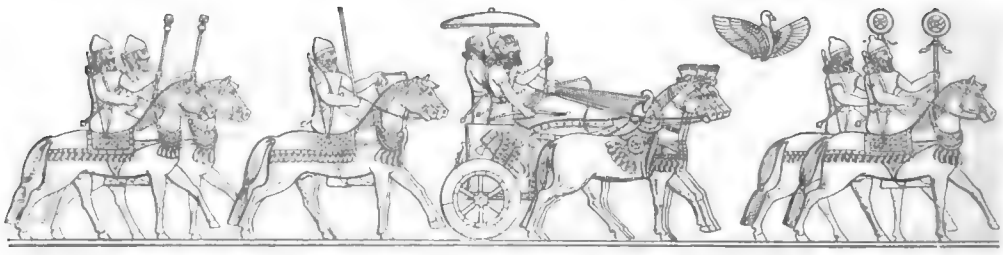

Jehovah, One and All-powerful God, spoke through my lips to Nebuchadnezzar the Great, so now again His spirit comes upon me, and puts these words into my mouth. And this is the word"—Belshazzar was uttering a formula against the evil eye, but he could not look away—"There shall come a time when I, whom all your wrath cannot destroy, shall stand again before you, shall declare to you the mandate of Jehovah, and when you and with you all the world shall know that whom He wills He saves, whom He wills He lays low, and whoso blasphemes Him He rewards utterly; that all may fear the Lord God of Israel, before whom Bel-Marduk is less than the small grains of the threshing floor!"

Then they saw a strange thing. They saw Belshazzar, that man of wrath, shrink back step by step before the blood-grimed, aged Jew, until from a long way off the king laughed again a shrill and direful laugh: "Away with him! Back with him to his dungeon!"

But all the strength seemed passed out of Daniel. The soldiers caught him as he fell. The king was staring wildly from one servant to another; he was as a man awakened from a frightful dream.

"Wine!" he demanded. "I cannot sleep. Do you, Sirusur, pursue the Persian. Hound him down. But wine; more wine! My head throbs!" His gaze wandered; he in turn was tottering.

"The king is ill," declared Mermaza, just returned; "bear him back to his bed."

"Allat consume you, eunuch!" Belshazzar buffeted him in the face. Then the royal gaze lit again on Daniel.

"Off! Off! What hinders that I kill you? All your babbling is folly. You shall cry to your Jehovah many times, and cry in vain!"

The aged prisoner shook off the soldiers; once more he stood fast. "Remember the prophecy, King of Babylon! Remember! You shall with your own lips summon me; with your own tongue pray to me; with your own hands stretch forth, imploring me to speak the mandate of the God you now blaspheme!"

"Silence, dotard!" Belshazzar smote the captive on the mouth. Then again the king reeled, and did not resist when Mermaza caught him. The eunuchs carried him to bed. A frightened page roused the Egyptian court-physician. "Raging fever," quoth that wise man gravely, and ordered "poultices of lotus leaves, well soaked in lizards' blood and in the fat of sucking pigs' ears." Before long the king was in violent delirium; his servants had to hold him on his bed, while he made the chamber ring as he cursed them. But one word was uppermost in the royal mind as he raved—"Jehovah, Jehovah!" When he repeated the word he would foam in hate. "Let me master Cyrus; let me conquer in the war, and I swear by every god and every fiend it shall be safer in Babylon to do murder by open day than to whisper the name of that foul spirit before me!"

Avil-Marduk smiled grimly when the next morning they told him of the king's oath, taken in madness.

"Ah, well," declared the pontiff, "happy for pure religion if his Majesty keeps this pious frame of mind when heaven gives back health. Yet he did ill when he spared Daniel."

But long since Daniel had been thrust back into a dungeon, scarcely less noisome than that which he had quitted. Ten armed men stood by when they replaced the fetters, all fearful of some withering spell; and the sentries pacing the galleries mumbled incantations to Nineb and to Ilu, shuddering every time they caught a glitter from the terrible Hebrew's eye.

. . . . . .

The last glimmer of light from above had vanished. The darkness, deeper than that

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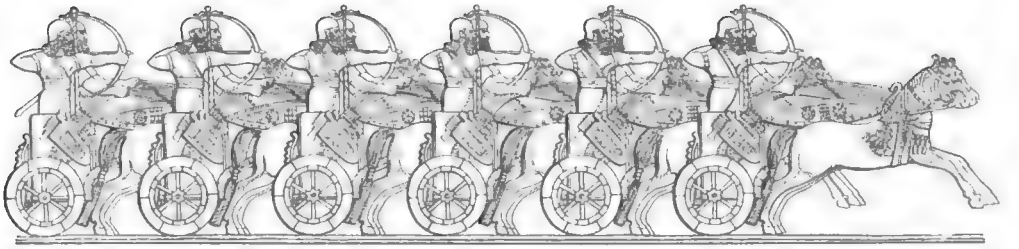

of deepest night, crowded about the three. The little lamp in Isaiah's hand shed only a tiny gleam that made the shadows behind and before tenfold the blacker. As they descended the air grew foul, so that the lamp sank to a poor spark, and all were gasping. No word, save when Isaiah halted an instant and pointed to a ponderous bronze lever set in the brickwork.

"This controls the sluice," quoth he in a whisper; "we pass beneath the river soon."

Darius had caught the lever in a giant clutch, and twisted it in its socket; it would play less easily now, and delay the flooding. Then the air around them grew yet more foul, so that they were fain to bow their heads and haste onward, catching the purer breaths that hung along the slimy bricks at their feet. And above him, and all around, the Persian heard what sounded as a rushing wind—yet not a wind, for it sang and sang, without gust or crooning, one ceaseless, monotonous murmur, and he knew that it was the great Euphrates speeding above his head. No longer any stairs; their path led right onward.

Once Zerubabel, just ahead of Darius, had stumbled; they heard a splash and clatter of some object escaping into the dark, some vile, light-hating creature that loved this pathway of the dead. And behind them, at the mouth of the tunnel, was the old man Daniel, sacrificing himself for them. But how long might such as he hold at bay Igas-Ramman and his scores? How long before hostile hands would be wresting on that sluice lever, and this thoroughfare of death become a tomb indeed!

Onward and ever onward, till senses reeled and ears were filled with a buzzing that dimmed the fearful music of the river. Almost was Darius ready to pray for death, if life were longer to be this. But still Isaiah's lamp went on before him, and still the Persian followed, his feet obeying his instinct, not his numbing will. The Jews wasted no breath on speech. The journey was seeming interminable, when Isaiah uttered a great cry of relief—"Praised be Jehovah. The last pier is passed; we soon mount upward!" But the words had just crossed his tongue when the three groaned together, "Hark!" And blended with the steady rushing of the Euphrates swelled another rushing, as of water, splashing and swirling rapidly in the tunnel, but far behind.

"They have opened the sluice at last," came from Isaiah with awful calmness; "we must haste, and may the Lord still speed us!"

Human feet then paced against the tread of the waters. They stood erect despite the deadly air, and ran—ran, while the swirling behind them grew to a roaring; and of a sudden the slimy pools at their feet, through which they stumbled, began to swell from their soles to their ankles; and all the water, once chill, grew warm, rushing fresh from the sun-loved current. Then all around the air began to whistle past them in stifling blasts, heralds of the conquering river, blowing as swift as the waters chased them, and hurrying the fugitives onward. Isaiah stumbled; his lamp was quenched, and all was noise and utter darkness. Darius's voice sounded above the swirl, his firm spirit bent at last: "Let us make our peace with Ahura! That only is left!" But the Jews caught him by the hand; he saw nothing, but under foot he felt a stairway. They were rising, rising; the waters raved after them, loth to quit their spoil. But the air —praised be the Merciful!—was growing sweet. The crash of the element was dimming below. The Jews were halting on a platform, and groping about for a keyhole. A rattle of bolts, a creaking of the pivot; Isaiah was withdrawing the huge wooden key and re-locking. The three trod the embankment on the eastern side of the river. The moon was creeping up above the tracery of the tower of Bel-Marduk, and spreading

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"'HERE IS ONLY THE KING; WITHIN YOUR FATHER WAITS.'"

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her mellow light over the sleeping city. For a moment it seemed still—still as the peace of the Most High. They saw no one, they feared no one; but each fell on his knees, and after his own manner prayed.

Yet they had scarce risen before Isaiah was plucking the Persian's mantle, while Zerubabel stretched a finger toward the river. Gliding from the royal quay, now hid in shadow, now clear in the glistening moonlight, was something black, crawling—a huge beetle as it were upon the glancing river—a boat and their pursuers. But Isaiah was calm as the heavens above him.

"Fear nothing. Jehovah, who has saved us out of the clutch of the great Euphrates—shall He not much more save from the feebler wrath of man?"

"I fear nothing," answered Darius.

"Come then; we go to the Gate of Kisch."

The boat had crept out into the current when the three sent a last glance across the river. A red beacon-fire was flaming on a tower of the western palace. Soon the guard in the "Old Palace" on the eastern bank would be stirring. But they did not tarry for the alarm. The three followed the length of Nana Street, silent and desolate, and for a time heard only the soughing of the kind night wind from the balmy west. The vision of the tower of Bel faded into the star-mist. They crossed the bridge of the East Canal, where no drowsy watchman challenged them. As they passed the gates of the Temple of Beltis a dozing soldier cried, "Your business!" from his guard-room; but he was too fond of his warm mat to sally into the dark and pursue possible robbers.

The Arachtu Canal was behind them; behind them the shops of the great merchants, the still bazaars. Once two men sprang out of the dark before them—street thieves, perchance, lurking for the unwary; but one sight in the moonlight of the stalwart shoulders of the three, and the others vanished without a cry. A faint light gleamed from the steps of a low beer-house; they heard brutish laughter and more brutish jesting as they sped onward. The tall houses were beginning to lessen, the moonlit alleys to widen. Another canal and another bridge, and the houses were breaking away into vague masses of shadowy villas and gardens.

And lo! as Darius gazed upward, above him was rising the naked height of Imgur-Bel; the black battlements clearly outlined against the roof of heaven.

Far above their heads, as the voice of a sky-dweller, came once more the call of a sentry, "The morning star rises! Sleep holds the city! Marduk shed favor on Belshazzar the king!"

The loud noise of hoofs behind was ominous, but Isaiah led unfaltering toward the gate. There stood the portal, at either side a soldier in his armor; but here, also, prone on the ground in sleep, and the great bronze-plated doors were unbarred, and opened wide enough to give passage to a man. They glided through them without a word. Twelve paces more and the drawbridge was cleared. Suddenly forms rose up out of the gloom before them—four horses, and at their heads as many men.

"We are here, Abiathar," spoke Isaiah softly, "though late. You have not failed us; Jehovah reward you and give His mercy."

"And my Lord Daniel?" answered the other, grieving to find three, not four.

"In the Lord God's keeping," was the solemn answer; no time for more. "Save yourselves, for all Babylon will ring with this, and rigorous search be made."

"Farewell!" The strange forms vanished in the darkness. A cry was rising from the gate: "Treason! Escaped! The guards are drugged! Pursue!" Darius had leaped, and felt betwixt his knees a blooded Assyrian horse. The Jews had mounted. The three together felt the good steeds spring under them. Down the brick-paved way they flew, whirlwind-swift, the reins lying slack on the manes. The portal of Nimitti-Bel, closed and guarded only in actual siege, stood wide before them. They saw it come and saw it vanish. Shouts behind, and a raging gallop also; but Darius knew a horse by a touch, and he knew the best in Belshazzar's stables might run long before breasting the Assyrian that was speeding beneath him. Before the three spread the Chaldea plain-country, lulled by the moon into that last hush before the bursting dawn. They heard the pursuers follow a little way; then deeper silence. The Babylonians had found their chase was vain. The three rode for a long time without speech. Once Darius glanced across his shoulder—walls, palaces, temple-towers, had sunk to a shapeless haze. He had left "The Lady of Kingdoms," "The Beauty of the Chal-

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dees." Stars and moon above, a soft west wind, and the sleeping country—that was all. But a strange exhilaration possessed the prince. He was saved; he was free; he had still the might of his good right arm, the keenness of his unerring eye.

"Hebrews!" he cried, tossing his head proudly, "behold the man you have plucked back from death unto life. Hereafter you shall learn how the son of Hystaspes can reward his preservers and their people. But now—" he flung his voice to the arching heavens—"To Cyrus! to Cyrus, the Avenger of all the wronged! And then war—for the abasing of 'The Lie' and the love and the joy of Atossa!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Persian army lay in the plain before the captured Kutha. Far as the eye might reach, it touched only avenues of black camel's-hair tents, sprinkled with the gaudier red and blue of the princes' pavilions. The gloaming was at hand, the first stars budding; all around myriad red sparks were twinkling forth—the camp fires of the host of the Aryans. Over their drink the stout Median footmen and Scythian horse-archers were roaring out pledges—"Confusion to Belshazzar and destruction to his city!" But the army had waited inactive for days, and save for petty skirmishing scarcely had sped an arrow. And there was sorrow in the host, for Darius, the darling of the army, was in Belshazzar's power.

So throughout the black tents. And in that village of pavilions, of guardsmen and grooms and chamberlains, where the king found lodging, there was no common gloom that night. For Cyrus sat alone in the innermost tent, and refused all drink and food. This was the fortieth night, on which Isaiah had promised to return with Darius, and nought had been seen or heard of the Jew since he had quitted Susa. Atrobanes, "the bearer of the royal handkerchief," and the attendant with whom Cyrus was most familiar, had ventured once to enter the tent, and light the tall silver candelabra. There was the master on the high ivory throne, looking straight before him upon the rugs, combing his flowing beard with his right fingers, while his left gripped hard on the jewelled hilt at his side.

"Lord," Atrobanes had ventured, kneeling, "the feast in the banqueting tent is ready. The Princes Harpagus and Gobryas and the other captains have come; for you deigned to command that they should eat meat with you this evening."

No answer. Cyrus was still looking straight before.

"Live forever, O King," began Atrobanes again. An angry exclamation cut him short. For Cyrus to be in wrath was so unwonted that the attendant trembled.

"Live forever? Are you mad? Is life so utterly sweet, that one may never long to lay it down?"

"Mercy, Lord of all goodness; mercy!" protested the shivering servant.

"By Mithra, you are frightened." Cyrus laughed softly; it seemed more in melancholy than in mirth. "I meant nothing; I scarce knew that you were here. What is your wish?"

"Will the king condescend to be present at the feast appointed for to-night to the captains of the army?"

A weary sigh, and more silence. Then Cyrus replied, almost bitterly, "Would to Ahura I had not ordered it! How can I sit over wine this night? Yet I must not dishonor the princes. Go to the high steward and say that I can touch no food, though I thank him for his pains. Yet say that when the evening advances, and the wine is brought, I will come and sit with the captains."

Atrobanes kissed the cushioned footstool at his master's feet, and vanished behind the heavy draperies. There was profound stillness, save for the vague hum of the busy camp and the clatter of plate and dishes many hands were bearing to the banqueting tent. The king sat for a long time motionless, the grip on the sword-hilt ever tightening. Then letting the weapon rest, he fumbled in his bosom, drew forth a locket, and gazed on it as on treasure untold. "The locket of Atossa." He pressed it to his lips, once—twice, thrust it back in his mantle, slipped from the high seat and began treading to and fro, his feet noiseless on the carpets.

"The Jew spoke fair, but is like all men of every race saving our own—a liar. If

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he but come within my power after betraying thus——"

There was a javelin standing against a tent-pole; the king grasped and almost poised it. But the royal mood shifted; Cyrus replaced the weapon, and ran on, communing with himself darkly:

"I am lord of a million sword-hands; at my word nations sink down in ruin. Men worship me as being a god on earth. Holy Ahura, when Thou madest me king, why did I cease to be a man; why could I not cease loving, losing, longing?"

A noise without, the sentries passing the watchword for the night, as they changed the guard: "Vengeance for Darius!" Again the king touched the javelin.

"Of course the Jew failed, and that without playing falsely. His project was a mad one. Darius has long since died under Belshazzar's torments. Men call me merciful; but to the son of Nabonidus and all his perjured brood, Angra-Mainyu, the archfiend, and his demons shall seem more compassionate than I."

Again a voice at the tent door, and Cyrus, recognizing, commanded, "Enter."

Hystaspes passed within. The prince was in his coat of bright scale armor; for years had not made him too feeble to keep the saddle. The short Persian spear was in his hand, the sword dangled at his thigh. The king attempted to brighten before his friend, and threw out boldly:

"Well, comrade, has not the country been scoured, and all the farms so well sacked, that a man of your hale years need ride with the skirmishers?"

The other laughed, though none too heartily.

"The young hot bloods who lead your Majesty's cavalry troops are all valor and no prudence. An older eye is needed to see that Sirusur with his Babylonish chariots does not dash down on us unawares, and fling us, man and beast, into the Tigris."

"Caution; always caution," answered the king, with an impatient gesture, when the other attempted to salaam. "Come, you have no longing for the feast. Let tables be brought here. I have only promised to appear at the banquet when they serve the wine."

"Your Majesty is thrice kind; a thousand pardons, but for some reason I cannot eat. Perhaps I have ridden too long; as you say, I grow old."

But the king plucked him nigh roughly by the shoulder.

"No, you cannot eat, nor can I. Away with merry lips, when they speak from grieving hearts. Darius, your son, is not here. We were fools to trust the Jew, who has either failed or dealt falsely. Yet we must eat,.must eat heartily—you and I—and all."

"Does the king command that I feast against my will?"

"Yes; for if Darius is dead, Belshazzar lives, and all the asps of his guilty kind. And we need all our strength for a vengeance, the fame whereof shall last as long as Mithra's car glows in the heavens."

"Ah! Lord, not so bitterly. I am the father, yet I can bow to Ahura's will!"

"But I, the king, who sent Darius forth, and sped him to his death, find like submission hard. For the king shall answer on the Great Day for the blood of all his people!"

"I do not blame your Majesty."

"Nor does any man." Cyrus smote his own breast. "The voice that blames is here."

But as he spoke a strange sound was spreading in the camp, a roaring as of wind, though very far away.

"An alarm!" and Hystaspes started from the tent.

"Alarm? No such outcry; the soldiers are at some sport."

Yet still the sound was rising—was swelling nearer; and now they caught, as it seemed, the clamor of countless voices.

Again Hystaspes started from the tent; but the king gripped his arm with so tight a clutch it brought almost pain.

"Hystaspes"—Cyrus spoke in a hoarse whisper—"this sound—comes it from men or from angels—is a shout of joy, not of fear!"

Then they stood side by side, those strong men, and listened; for a mighty tumult was swelling through the camp, passing onward, nearer, nearer, rising and falling like the wind-driven billow bounding across the deep. Now the distant encampment of the Tartar Sacæans was thundering, now the Bactrians and the Medes; closer now, it had reached the Persians, the core of the army, and the "Immortals," the royal life-guards, were tossing on the cry. Then through the cheering the two heard something else—riders galloping fiercely; and words came at last, the shout of the captains and lords about the tent of the king.

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"The prince! The prince! Glory to Ahura!"

The high chamberlain had entered. When he salaamed he stumbled. His ready tongue spoke thickly.

"Font of all goodness," he began; but Cyrus did not hear. Straight through the door strode the king, and into the throng of officers in the tent without. They parted to either hand at sight of him, like sand before the desert gale. Inside the pavilion itself a score of joyous hands were plucking from his steaming beast a young man, who started, tattered, dust-covered as he was, to kneel before the sovereign. Started, when Cyrus beckoned him on, and spoke before them all:

"*Here is only the king; within your father waits.*"

So Darius was gone, with no man following him. Then two more newcomers were led forward, and bowed themselves to Cyrus, who saw that they were Isaiah and a stranger, though clearly a Jew also.

"Lord," Isaiah was saying, "behold my pledge fulfilled. This is the fortieth night, and your eyes see Darius."

But Cyrus would hear no more.

"Stand up, son of Shadrach, for the pledge is indeed made good. Look on this man, captains of the Aryans; honor him as you would honor your king, for he has brought joy out of anguish, brought life out of death. Take him away, Hydarnes," with a nod to the "master of the royal dresses"; "clothe him in a robe of state; give him the wine and dainties you would give to me; in the morning put the kingly tiara upon his head, mount him upon my sacred Nisæan charger, and lead him through the host, proclaiming to all men, 'This is the Jew who is honored by Cyrus!'"

"Hail! all hail, Isaiah—justly honored of the Great King!"

So thundered an hundred; yet when there was stillness, Isaiah answered humbly, yet boldly: "Lord, I despise not your gifts and your honors; but it was not for even this that Zerubabel, my comrade, and I plucked the prince out of the dungeon and the clutch of Belshazzar."

Cyrus shook his stately head and smiled.

"Ah! good Jew," spoke he; "do you think the promises of the Persians are pledges graven on water? Fear not that your people will find the King of the Aryans aught but a father and a friend. But enough—you have ridden hard and far; rest for to-night shall be the first reward. Lead them away, Hydarnes, and give this other, Zerubabel, ten talents also."

But Isaiah did not follow the chamberlain.

"Your Majesty"—he fell on one knee—"I bring you not Prince Darius only. I bring you this."

He drew from his girdle and proffered a tiny clay cylinder, scarce the thickness of two fingers. The king grasped it, eagerly as the drowning clutch after the float. They saw him read—and lo! a marvellous thing; the eyes of the master of half the nations were bright with tears. Thus ran the letter:

"Atossa in Babylon, to Cyrus, lord of the Aryans:

"I know that you must be first the king and then the father. Yet when you sent me from Susa, did you send me to this—to loathsome bondage, to be queen in name only, to be the toy of a man of wrath and guile, and the pledge of a peace sworn only to be broken? Come to me, my father, for I am of your own proud blood. Let other kings' daughters learn a master's yoke; a child of yours must be the mistress, or must die. Heaven favoring, the noble Isaiah will save Darius, whom I love; but I, who cannot fly, can only pray for the hour when the swords of my people shall flash within this accursed city. Yet save speedily; for the time grows near when I shall be Belshazzar's bride in very deed. Farewell."

"Did you penetrate the harem of Belshazzar?" asked Cyrus, his voice unsteady.

"Yes, your Majesty; I have seen the most gracious princess. Belshazzar triumphs in holding the child of his arch-enemy captive. To force her to his bridal will be his joy. And in three months he will celebrate another feast—the wedding one year from the betrothal."

"Then in three months Babylon is to be taken."

"The king has said."

Then the chamberlains took the Jews away, and forth from the inner tent returned Darius, who knelt now at Cyrus's feet.

"Rise up," the king commanded; "you also need food and sleep. And in the morning you shall ride at the head of the van. But you have won the right to crave a boon—and ask it, whatsoever you will."

"My king"—Darius's voice was trembling—"you well know what I would ask."

Whereupon Cyrus only smiled once more, and lifted his hand as in an oath.

"By the light of Ahura I swear it, that

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when we have conquered Babylon and plucked Atossa from the *daeva's* clutch, you shall ask for her in marriage, and I will not say you nay!"

. . . . . .

Three nights later the burghers of Babylon, when they mounted their house-roofs, as was their wont in the cool of the evening, saw a light that stilled the bravest boasters. East, west, and north, the horizon glowed with a redness which shone ever brighter, ever nearer, till it climbed the heavens. Rising smoke was blotting out the stars. Men spoke together in whispers, as they stared and shuddered at the brightness. "The host of Cyrus. All the country villages are burning. Marduk be praised, the walls are yet strong!"

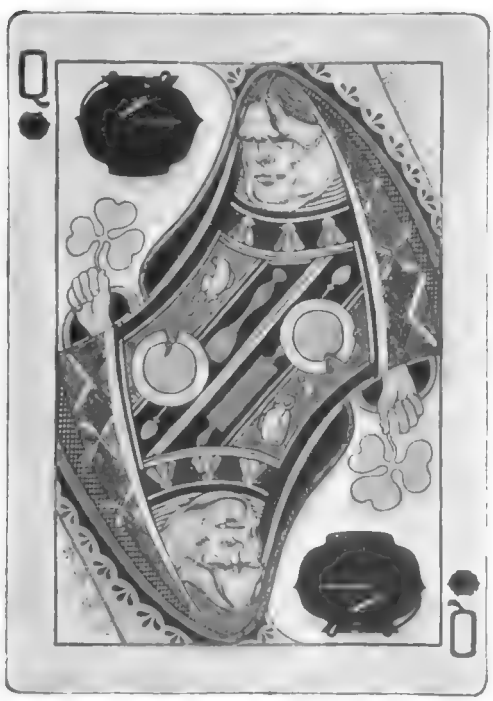
At next morn the city folk saw a sight yet more terrible. The plains were covered with innumerable black tents and pavilions, and horsemen more than the sands of the sea. The King of the Aryans was at hand, and with him all the might of the far East. Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel were to be put to proof at last.

(To be continued.)

MARY, QUEEN OF POTS.

A SONG FROM THE SUBURBS.

By J. H. L.



MARY'S eyes are small and green
With a temper-mark between,
And the freckles 'neath her eyes
Wander o'er a bridge of size.
Mary's heavenward tilted nose
Does not shadow lips of rose;
Hers are colorless though strong,
And her upper lip is long.
Did that square Hibernian chin
Ever have a dimple in—
Or her rough and ruddy hair
Ever know a touch of care!
She's not willowy nor small,
Rather pillowy than tall,
And her short and seamy throat
Volleys many a strident note;
But, O Mary, Mary dear,
If you'll only tarry here—

If you'll only stay and reign
In our cookery domain—
We will paint you virtues rare,
Make a nimbus of your hair,
Name you quite divinely tall
With a grace that passes all,
Call your voice a silvery chime,
And your eyes a blue sublime,
Swear you're beautiful and good—
Only stay, and cook our food!

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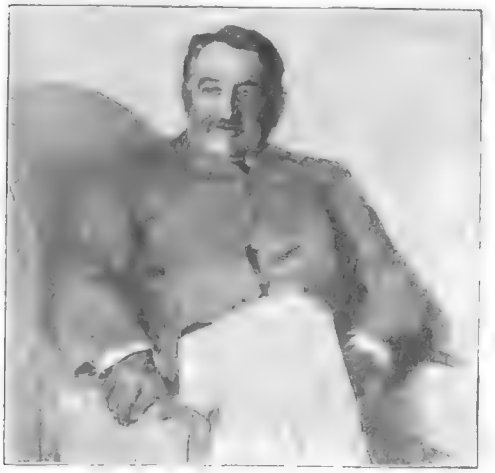

THE NAPOLEON OF SOUTH AFRICA.

A STUDY OF THE MAN, CECIL JOHN RHODES, AND HIS WORK.

By T. P. O'Connor.

THE scene in the chequered career of Cecil Rhodes which most fitly sums up and reveals his character and career is one that was very often seen in the streets of Kimberley when he was still a young man. In his shirt sleeves, he would be found seated on a rough chair. With one hand sorting the diamonds from the gravel, his eyes watching with diligent attention now and then the natives working around him (those unconscionable and incurable thieves, whom only the sense of a watchful and severe master's eye can keep from stealing), with the other hand Rhodes would keep turning over the leaves either of a book in the Greek original or in a type-written translation which he had especially made for his own use. He had always this double individuality—the sharp, energetic, voracious, almost merciless man of action; and the man of curiously simple, naïf, and almost childlike dreams. They remind me, this side of his career and this feature in his character, of a sight I have often come across in my travels on the continent—the sight of the gray-haired, pinched-cheeked, prematurely aged old maid of American birth, who, passing through the most wondrous and appalling scenery of Switzerland, sits absorbed in the elementary French Grammar in her hand, pursuing the ever fleeting and perhaps unattainable ideal of an imperfect knowledge of a foreign tongue, while the real and the attainable in the enjoyment of nature's greatest wonders remain untasted and unobserved. This constant clinging to the youthful ideal of a university education and to the knowledge of the dead, and, to my mind, useless languages of Greek and Latin, amid all the absorbing realities and true enjoyments and work of his wondrous life and possibilities in South Africa, is symptomatic of Cecil Rhodes—of the whole man and his whole character.

AN EMPHASIZED HUMAN CHARACTER.

He was a combination of astuteness and simplicity; of dreams and crude realities; of barbarism and culture; of sense and childish want of sense; an adventurer with the temperament of the Pirates of the Southern Main, and yet a creature of primordial beliefs, ideals, prejudices, and narrowness. The man who thought in continents, he was, on the other side, if I may use the word, provincial, or even suburban. Recklessly coarse, and incurably unprincipled in some of his means, he yet talked and thought the religion of the Hertfordshire

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village in which he was born. Coarse and materialistic in appearance and thought and habits, he sometimes prattled of God and the Bible as if his mission were to teach Sunday-school.

A great, huge, massive man, trampling opposition as though he were a dromedary passing over flower-beds, he often looked rather like a curious and quaint figure of a very obstinate and very perverse and somewhat silly old woman. You have seen the old lady who looks at you with open and glassy eyes; who sticks to some ridiculous and palpable nonsensical statement; who repeats it in face of every contradiction, with ever-increasing emphasis; and who nods her poor old silly head with each repetition of the absurdity: such Cecil Rhodes sometimes appeared when he was engaged in demonstrating some extremely ridiculous assertion.

This picture of a man's will, I dare say, appears impossible and untrue to those who have not studied very closely human nature, and especially the type of human nature one meets in politics. But any real student of man knows that one of the first lessons to learn is that there is no limit to the infinitude of possibilities and amalgams that nature fashions in the shape of man. And unless you begin by realizing that a man may have what are, apparently, the most contradictory and irreconcilable qualities in combination, you can never form a thoroughly accurate estimate of any public or historical character. And for this reason I emphasize, as the first thing to be understood about Cecil Rhodes, the irreconcilable and apparently impossible contradictions of character. It is the only key to him and his career.

WHY RHODES WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

He was born, as everybody knows, in a country vicarage. This has been the starting place of most men of modern England. It is in that home you find an atmosphere of culture and a love of adventure combined with the poverty compelling that search for fortune in other lands which is the root and origin of the British Empire. There was nothing especially to distinguish his early years. He was, if anything, a dull boy,

"GROOTE SCHUUR," RONDEBOSCH, CECIL RHODES' ESTATE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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silent, reserved, and already something of a dreamer; already somewhat apart and different from other boys. And, curiously enough, there were indications already of that real weakness, under an appearance of robustness, which was the forecast of his early feverish life and premature end. It was as a consumptive that he had to fly to South Africa for the first time; and it is recorded that the physicians declared he had not six months to live. A brother had already preceded him to the new continent; and it was this fact, that the brother, tired of farming, had gone to see the new diamond mines in Kimberley, that fashioned the whole subsequent career of Rhodes, and much also of the history of his country.

Rhodes was always declared by his friends to be quite indifferent to money for its own sake; and, doubtless, in a sense, this was true. But old Kimberley settlers will laugh somewhat sardonically when they hear people talking of Rhodes as a man who never drove a hard bargain, or who was never filled with the sacred thirst for gold. It is quite certain that Rhodes could never have acquired the vast wealth he did in such a place as Kimberley if he had not the hard business sense, the keen appetite, and the tenacious resolve to drive hard bargains, the characteristics of the money-maker in all times and in all countries. We know what the mining camp is. As Virginia City—as Butte City—as Johannesburg—Kimberley had attracted to itself that cosmopolitan population which scents the carcass of gold as from afar, and descends upon it with the hunger, the claws, and the swift wings of the vulture. And it is quite impossible that Rhodes could have become the greatest, the strongest, wealthiest man in such an environment if there had not been in him something of the same crude and merciless strength, and the same strong appetite and readiness to trample, and grind, and slay. True, that open book of Plato or of Horace did mark a distinction between him and the beady-eyed and hook-nosed and bejewelled oriental that saw in money only the power to purchase big houses and horses and the delights of the flesh. But there was still the element of greed and force and cruel resolve in Rhodes; in short, that combination of qualities that made his strength and his weakness, and that, in due time, led to the glorious virtues and somewhat squalid vices of his political career.

WHERE RHODES AND GORDON DIFFER.

It was in this environment, too, that Rhodes first learned the gospel that was to be, to a certain extent, the blot and the ruin of his career. It has been over and over again denied that he ever did really say, "Every man has his price." But he did say things perilously like that somewhat crude and unscientific generalization. What a curious, instructive scene that must have been between himself and General Gordon, when they discussed how the world was to be brought to share their ideals and bend to their purposes! The two men were alike in their supreme beliefs, in their opinions and purposes. In these respects they were both fanatics; they were alike in that they lived entirely in their own ideals, and little, if at all, in the ordinary world of human appetites and purposes. In a word, but in a very different sense, they both belonged to the apostolic race of ideologues. But while Rhodes was a millionaire several times over, Gordon possibly never had a five-pound note in his life; while the one was a great fleshy man, eating of all the good things of the world, the other would dine off a biscuit and a bottle of ginger beer. The one had built himself lordly pleasure-houses in various parts of the world; the other wandered through stifling barracks in the scattered dominions of his country's empire, or straggled along the unpeopled deserts on the backs of camels. In a certain primitive, and, to use the words again, provincial and suburban conception of religion, they were alike. But Gordon had faith in ideas as the rulers of the world (backed, of course, by a sword and a scanty knapsack); to him, in short, money did not exist as a potent agency in the government of mankind and the conquest of their souls and their hearts. As he was explaining these ideas one day to Rhodes, the man of wealth replied with some impatience, and summing up his whole philosophy, said: "It's no use having big ideas if one have not the money to carry them out."

RHODES'S MISCONCEPTION OF THE BOERS—

If it is true, then—and nobody can deny it—that Rhodes wanted money mainly to carry out his ideas, and not so much to gratify himself, it is also true that he had

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THE RIGHT HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES, P.C.

Born 1853. Died March 26, 1902, at Cape Town, South Africa.

an exaggerated and somewhat vulgar idea of the potency of money. It was this fundamental misconception and blindness as to one side of human nature that counted for much that was common and much that was disastrous in his career. It is, for instance, this misconception that accounts for his entire attitude toward the historic burghers of the Transvaal, which reminds one a little of a scene that was over and over again enacted in the earlier epochs of the war.

When the British troops, taking a position after hours of agonized suffering under a hailstorm of Mauser bullets from an invincible foe, for the first time caught sight of their dreadful and destructive enemies among the few prisoners whose want of horses had thrown them into their hands, then these English soldiers, pipe-clayed, spick and span, all in the same uniforms, supplied by the best military tailors, were, indeed, surprised to find before them a number of seedy-looking and peacefully-attired citizens in tall black hats and in long-tailed coats of rusty black. It was really too ridiculous that hundreds of gallant and well-dressed professional soldiers should find their bullet and their billet at the hands of such rapscallions. It was as unpleasant a contrast between the ideal and the real as

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between the unwashed body of the Boer soldier or field cornet and the well-tubbed and well-groomed body of the British guardsman. And similarly Rhodes looked upon the faiths, purposes, convictions, possibilities, of the Boer people. Unwashed, poor, unlettered, living in their lonely farms, their patriarchal squalor, despising wealth earned in the mines, and yet, so far as some of their leaders were concerned, not averse to accepting it in the questionable form of backsheesh, how could these creatures be understood by one who believed in British civilization, in British arms, in British gold? These to Rhodes were the realities, the only realities of life, and how anybody could think otherwise he felt it impossible to understand. And so everything he said with regard to the Boers was hopelessly wrong, and his false and misleading prophecies were, unfortunately, uttered to the ears of men entirely ignorant of everything South African, and too eager to hear what was pleasing to their arrogant ignorance.

AND CONSEQUENT MISLEADING OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

For Mr. Rhodes became the chief councillor of the British Government—which, for the moment, was Mr. Chamberlain—at the time when the issues of peace and war lay trembling in the balance. It was quite natural that it should be so. To whom else should the tortured and worried, but aggressive, government apply but to this man who had ruled South Africa for years; had been in almost every corner of it; was the chief political and financial power both in the Transvaal and in Cape Colony? And what did Rhodes have to say? In the history of falsified prophecies the forecast of Rhodes before the war must take a foremost place. "The Boer military power is the greatest bubble in the world," is one of his sayings. He made a speech in Cape Town in July, 1899, and there he dealt with the negotiations going on between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Krüger, and the rumors of impending war. "The notion," he said, "of the Transvaal being able to trouble Great Britain at all seriously is too ridiculous. If you were to tell me that the native chief in Samoa was going to cause trouble to the Imperial Government, then I would discuss the proposition that the Transvaal was a danger to the British Empire." This was just three months before President Krüger issued his Ultimatum!

INTELLECTUAL RATHER THAN MORAL OBLIQUITY—TWO CONSPICUOUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

And this brings me to the statement that Rhodes was a great temperament rather than a great intellect. With all his practical knowledge and shrewdness, he was the dreamer who saw things as he wished to see them, and not as they were. It is this intellectual limitation of the man that every student of his character ought always to insist upon. It explains his follies, and shows them to have been often follies, not crimes—the fruits of intellectual rather than of moral obliquity. I saw Rhodes more than once, and whenever I saw him he always produced the same impression upon me intellectually. The word will seem probably a hard one, but I must use it; it is the only one which will express my judgment of him: I thought him an essentially muddle-headed man. His conversation I have often compared to a mountain stream in a mining region after a storm. Down it came rushing—bringing with it rocks and sand and gold; but all so inextricably commingled that it required the labor of days to separate the good from the bad. Rhodes, in private, talked on and on, discussing one subject and then another, and always with the same volubility, the same self-confidence, the same strange and startling mixture of sense and nonsense, of apt and striking thought in apt and striking imagery, with long intervals of sheer unreason in commonplace language, with those open eyes, that curious feminine nod, and that generally fatuous expression that you are disposed to associate with female rather than male garrulity and unreason. And he spoke in this kind of way on all kinds of occasions.

An event for several years in succession was the annual meeting of the Chartered Company—that great corporation which Rhodes created for the double purpose of conquering new territories and of enriching the individuals and the agents whom he had to employ in this work. These meetings were a curious feature of modern London and of the phenomena that the discovery of gold in the Rand has produced in our life. Everybody went to the meeting, all drawn by the magnet, not merely of the personality of

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THE TERRACE AND GARDENS, "GROOTE SCHUUR."

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Rhodes, but of those dreams of sudden and vast wealth in a night, which have haunted the imaginations of mankind from the days of Aladdin's Lamp to the days of the Rand's mines. Every class was represented in the motley gathering—gentle and simple, the merchant and the peer, the wife of the butcher and the wife of the duke—all joined for the moment, without class distinction, by the link of expected and suddenly acquired wealth. As the crowd watched the stately carriages with their spanking horses and their powdered footmen drive up, they expected every moment to see the great millionaire emerge; it was the natural expectation that wealth so colossal should have all these outward trappings of its glory and its power. When carriage after carriage had passed by, and still the great man was not there, a squalid old four-wheeler wheezed up with its ancient driver and its spavined horse, and, unnoticed and unseen, Rhodes jumped out, and went into the hall where the crowded and brilliant assemblage waited. And when he appeared there was a reception as of a demigod, for even yet great is Diana of the Ephesians. His every word was listened to as though he were an inspired prophet, for every word was supposed to be pregnant with the celestial possibilities of huge, immediate, unworked-for gold. It was no wonder as he gazed at that crowd that Rhodes should have thought as he said to Gordon, that in order to move men you must be armed with the omnipotent weapon of boundless wealth.

But when Rhodes did begin to speak, what sustenance had he to give to the voracious and expectant idolators? This is the description of him by one of his friends and admirers, and it is literally correct: "He doesn't make a speech at all; he gets up and has a sort of confidential chat with the chairman for the benefit of those who happen to be listening."

There was, in truth, neither head nor tail to what Rhodes said on these occasions. It was just a monologue—half lucid and clever, half dark and contradictory; in short, it was the unconscious revelation of the mind of the man, with its splendid illuminations and its great dark patches of unreason, folly, blindness.

An even more remarkable example of the character of the man, intellectually and morally, was given when he was before the Committee of the House of Commons which was investigating his share in the Jameson Raid. It was a most amusing and astonishing experience, more characteristic of the contradiction between realities and expectation than almost anything I have ever seen. Rhodes was being tried for his political life; and though he had some friends among his judges, he had many enemies, and, in any case, his fortunes were then so low that even the friends had to appear lukewarm. It was a trying situation, and nobody, perhaps, but Rhodes, could have got out of it with dignity or with any safety. But Rhodes went through it all quite blithely. Except for the first few moments when he sat in the chair—moments that were marked by palpable nervousness—he took the whole thing as easily as if he were addressing, not enemies, but one of those assemblages in the city where idolators and mammon-worshippers hung upon his words. He addressed his bitterest enemies in confidential and amiable tones, as if he and they must agree about everything; insisted on calling Sir William Harcourt "Sir Vernon"; was especially sweet to Mr. Labouchere, the most persistent of his enemies; and on the smallest provocation unburdened himself at length on all subjects under heaven, and a few more beside. There wasn't an opinion—there wasn't even a dream with regard to South Africa—on which he was not willing to give the committee a lecture of half an hour's duration. And the lecture was just the same as the speech in the City, or the conversation at the private dinner-table: the same turbid stream of nonsense and sense, genius and folly, lofty ideal and squalid misconception of the spiritual springs of human action.

It was quite absurd, whatever else you thought of this man, to any longer regard him as a Machiavellian conspirator after such a remarkable and transparent self-revelation. The very absurdity of the man was his best vindication. And if anything were wanted to make the curious and strange scene more curious and strange, it was that all the time Mr. Rhodes was thus confidentially instructing the bewildered and benumbed committee on the history and politics of South Africa and the projects and dreams of Cecil Rhodes, the great man himself was calmly eating large sandwiches from a huge heap before him, and was washing the sandwiches down with plenteous potions from a large and long glass of foaming

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A VIEW OF THE HOUSE, "GROOTE SCHUUR."

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stout. Sometimes, indeed, he was so intent on the one hand on eating, and on the other so desirous of not missing any opportunity of lecturing and instructing a friend or an enemy, that he launched into one of his little discourses while his mouth was still full of the huge sandwich and the foaming stout.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE NON-MORAL, NOT IMMORAL, MAN—SOUTH AFRICA.

Rhodes entirely misunderstood the Boer problem. With his infantile devotion and little prejudices and reminiscences of the village rectory, Rhodes was essentially a non-moral man; that is to say, he did not understand the spiritual side of man. To the Gordons of the world he could only keep repeating, while they wandered on the mountain tops of faith and poverty and devotion: "It is no use having big ideas if one hasn't the money to carry them out." In the Boer he saw only the top-hat and the rusty suit of black and the untrimmed beard and the unwashed body and the squalid and lonely home; in other words, he saw only the outside skin of the man—to use a favorite phrase of Carlyle—and not the lofty, though narrow, soul within, and hence came Colenso and Magersfontein, and the three-years' war in South Africa, and all the other disasters, humiliations, miscalculations of the Boer war. Here one has to speak not merely of intellectual obliquity, but of moral want of depth. Is it not a curious thing that so many of the great men of action have been, in the end, beaten and ruined by this want of any power of seeing the spiritual side of human nature? It was that defect which landed Napoleon on St. Helena; it was that defect which landed Rhodes and Chamberlain in the Boer war.

When all this has been said about Rhodes, however, it must always be remembered that the man had his own ideals, and pursued them with splendid courage and persistence, and often with heroic self-sacrifice. There used to be a rumor that he was lacking in physical courage. That assumption he destroyed forever when, one day, he went unarmed and unprotected into the camp of the fierce Matabele, and denounced and lectured and menaced while any one of them might have slain him on the spot; by the sheer force of courage and personality compelled them to crawl with their arms to his feet. Similarly, when he rushed to Kimberley at the time of the siege, he showed his readiness to risk life for the sake of his cause. And when the last word has been said about his vast wealth, and the tiger resolution he showed in acquiring it, it must be added that he spent very little of it on himself. His tastes were simple; his wants were few. When he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony he wore the worst hat in the assembly; whenever he came to London he was the despair of his friends, and often had to go into the presence even of royalty in clothes that would have cost a gardener his situation. He had a fine house, but it was kept up for the entertainment of others. He was a somewhat heavy and coarse eater, but in that he was like Bismarck and other men of huge brains and big bodies and good digestion. When he was fighting with Barney Barnato, the East End Jew, he surprised that prosaic personality by insisting that a portion of the profits of the great diamond mine should go to the helping forward of his political schemes. His real dream was to be the Warren Hastings of South Africa; and if in pursuit of that ideal he trampled on many laws, human and divine, it must be counted as righteousness to him that the dream was a noble and a worthy one, and that he spent his money and his political destinies, and finally his own life, in its pursuit.

In private he was just what one would have supposed from this description of him. He had no pretence; he was simple and accessible; he thought little of his wealth; he made no display of it. Chief owner of the greatest diamond mine and of some of the greatest gold mines of the world, he never wore any jewelry whatever; he drove no grand equipages; he despised and avoided all the outward signs of wealth. His companions and colleagues in those Arabian Nights' fortunes of South Africa built themselves houses in Park Lane; sought social distinction; kept race-horses—in short, ran the monotonous course of vulgar and sudden wealth in all ages and in all countries. But Rhodes had no craving for the squalid and ignoble things; he only cared for the great and the lofty pursuits of life, and as such, he was an example to all the wealthy men of the world.

When he went to Mashonaland for the first time, he was Prime Minister of the Cape, a millionaire many times over, one

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of the most powerful and, apparently, one of the most prosperous men in all the great world. And yet it is recorded that often he was seen to stop and look wistfully at the young settlers who were clearing their little farms and erecting their small houses; and as he gazed at the tranquil landscape in silence, and then rode away from it with a shrug of his shoulders as if he were waking from a day dream, his companions knew that he saw another scene in his far-off English home, and wanted, like so many children of the village and the country, to return back to mother earth and its soft tranquillity and modest joys and humble aims.

As he was in character, so he was in person. Tall, stout, even huge, he yet showed certain signs of the inner weakness of constitution which had driven him to his original exile. The face, too, was a contradiction. Massive, strong, remarkable in some respects; in others it was weak, common, undistinguished. You didn't know whether you could call it imperial, like the face of Cæsar, or common and coarse, like that of the popular prize-fighter. And such the man was: imperial, lofty, a dreamer of great dreams, and, at the same time, somewhat squalid, somewhat common, somewhat silly; one of those amalgams of contradictions which nature makes in an hour of wanton gayety and malice, and which create among mankind the cross-purposes, the commingling of good and evil, that are the tragedies of human history.

THE BAPTISM OF THE BUZZARDS.

By Frederick Walworth.

Illustrated by Frederic Remington.

THE regiment was green from the colonel down. Even then all is not said. There are divers shades and grades of green. There is the dark green, which is unobtrusive and restful. There is the velvety olive green. There is the green of the catbird's egg, the green of deep water, and the thin, soft, light greens which are as impalpable to sense as a wind-blown perfume. The regiment was like none of these.

Then there is that brash, raw, barbarous green which nature scorned to produce and man invented; that unhallowed yellow-green which assaults the senses like an abattoir and sets the nerves like sand in the teeth. One sometimes uses it on the houses of the Philistines, decked out with yellow trimmings like as not, and the wretched structures are thrust into hideous prominence, dumb blots upon the landscape.

You meet it occasionally on the covers of a book when *hoi polloi* and its drachmas are the objectives of the enterprising publisher. When the first copy comes to his waiting hand, the author, if he have a soul, goes forth like the lion seeking whom he may devour. The greenness of the regiment was like this —gross, impertinent, and inexcusable.

They were not Irish. Most of them were fresh from Ohio farms—extremely so. And the things they knew about war were in inverse proportion to the things they didn't know produced to infinity. Their company officers without exception were men like themselves, elected by themselves, for reasons best known to themselves. Their colonel was a lawyer whose only known qualification was a proven ability to deliver so many gubernatorial votes. It was ever thus.

Yet this green mob had taken on the semblance of a regiment with startling speed; which is merely another evidence of the average American's astounding adaptability. He can, in sober truth, become all things to all men. If he tells you he has made money at everything from tending bar to teaching Sunday-school it is generally safe to believe him. So this green colonel hammered his green regiment into the likeness of soldiers in about the same time it takes a European recruit to find out with certainty which end of his rifle goes off and which doesn't. If underneath this shell the regiment was still green it was solely because it had never yet heard a hostile bullet. It had had no chance.

When they joined the division the other regiments made merry with them. They were known to all and singular as the Turkey Buzzards, because they had clipped the wings of one of these excellent birds and retained him for a mascot. He proved an

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"THE LAWYER-COLONEL DID IT . . . AND AFTER HIM CAME THE FRAYED REMNANT OF THE REGIMENT."

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indifferent mascot, but a notable garbage plant.

As they lay in camp the cry, "Hey, boys, here comes one of them durn Turkey Buzzards," was the signal for the coagulation of a joyful bunch of idle soldiery. Blithesomely they hailed him, "Say, Buzzy, got a colonel yet, or still keepin' your lawyer?" Infallibly this stirred the Buzzard soul, for the regiment had faith in its colonel. "Buzzy" desired to "lick" somebody forthwith, and frequently did.

They were asked on an average three times a day per man if they could shoot yet without shutting their eyes; followed by instant combat. They were the best-drilled regiment in their brigade, yet were subjected to constant and earnest query whether or not they knew the difference between "fours left" and "column right," and the like.

In their hearing, and carefully so, men anxiously discussed the possibility of hayseed back of the regiment's ears.

These things engendered bitterness in the hearts of the Buzzards, and a lusty desire to do valiantly and forever close the mouths of hostile critics. They closed what mouths they could reach with their fists, but this proved a slow and painful process, and led to the guardhouse. Therefore they prayed for a battle or a skirmish or any little mix-up where they could turn themselves loose and make a reputation.

Now it is to be remarked and noted for future reference that the Buzzards were volunteers to a man. No unwilling draft, but men who had jumped at the call. If they had been assigned to garrison duty for months while other regiments were winning glory and experience in the field it was not their fault. Their unbounded enthusiasm slopped over. They recognized no limits to their prowess. They would have tackled the entire Confederacy with a loud hurrah, and been painfully astonished at the result. They were amateurs of a virulent type, the raw material for a superb regiment.

So, being green and rank and innocent, unbridled by experience, unencumbered by theories, and sticky stuck-up with their own invincibility, they accomplished the impossible.

For three eternal days they had wallowed in a muddy ditch, and their patience was exhausted. Their only satisfaction was an occasional pop-shot at a head rising from a similar muddy ditch upwards of a mile away and well toward the top of a hilly rise. It was tame sport. They were unanimous on that.

They asked their officers familiarly what the deuce they thought they were doing anyway, and why in thunder they didn't get some action on anyhow. And the officers took time to explain. Maybe that will convey some idea of the regiment's viridity.

At the end of the third day the regiment conceived and brought forth the judgment that its division commander was a pirate and a gander, and that it was its privilege and duty to "whirl in and lick them Johnnies once and for all." Then it lay perfectly still for another three days, and took occasional pop-shots at occasional heads upwards of a mile off, and spent the intervals in perfectly unanimous swearing at the whole business.

The situation was like this. The division had been pushing the enemy for weeks and striving to come up with him. Unexpectedly it bumped into a string of hills that were fairly rank with him. The general in command sat down to think about it. The men dug trenches and also sat down. Followed the eternal six days. The string of hills was impregnable to frontal attack. That was the judgment of the general and his officers, and they should have known.

However, the general evolved a beautiful plan. It was in strict accord with military theories, and would have been superiorly successful, except that the opposing general likewise had some theories. Also the green regiment bobbed up and did inexplainable things without being asked.

The general studied a map in the bosom of his staff and his brigadiers. Here was the string of hills loathsomely alive with rifles. Here was the general, his staff, and his division. Here to the right was a ridge, and here to the left a river. Along the river ran a line indicating a road.

"Harkness's and Sidney's brigades will move by the left along the river road"—thus the general—"the movement to begin at two o'clock to-night. Wild, you will make a strong demonstration on the centre at daybreak, and follow it up with an assault when the flank has been turned along the river." That was all there was of it. It was all beautiful. And so simple.

The Buzzards were in Wild's brigade. Next morning they were stretched out thin

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as a knife edge trying to fill the trenches of a whole brigade and make enough fuss for three regiments. Two brigades had vanished in the night. The green regiment knew exactly where they had gone. It had no military right to know, but with childlike simplicity it had asked its officers what it all meant, and with childlike simplicity its officers had told it all they knew. Perhaps *that* will convey some idea of the regimental viridity.

So the Buzzards spent a warm morning playing they were a brigade. They burnt much powder and sent a ton or so of lead hurtling up the slope, and hoped and believed they were dealing out destruction.

About 10.30 in the morning matters began to liven up. First came a staff officer, his horse lather white where he wasn't spur red. He held hurried speech with the brigadier and returned whence he came. The Buzzards were intensely interested. They practically stopped firing. What next?

Now this is what the morning had disclosed. The inconsiderate enemy, anticipating the general's beautiful plan, had refused his own right wing and stationed a large body of excellent men upon a ridge paralleling the river and overlooking the road. Also sundry field guns. The general should have known this; but he didn't. So the flanking party had an excessively warm time, and the Buzzards got their chance. It was a question how long the flanking party could keep out of the river unless something happened.

Then arrived the staff officer in the rear of the Buzzards, and his words meant this: Sore are the straits of the flanking party. Get out front, therefore, and make them think you are attacking with an army corps. Advance when the guns cease firing. And he was gone.

Behind the Buzzards a park of field guns began to blow up *en masse*. The men listened joyously to the splintering crashes behind, and the sad, weird shriek of the shells overhead. They saw the earth kicked up in a hundred places upward of a mile away, and were glad—considering the discomfort of the other fellow. Then the smoke drifted between and they could only conjecture.

They were not suffering themselves. The enemy's shells ripped harmlessly above them, for the pieces could not be deflected sufficiently to do much damage in the trenches. The regiment soon became used to the hair-crisping howl of the shells, and the men lay in various attitudes and smoked tobacco that was half something else, while the loose iron streamed overhead in car lots.

Thirty minutes' blasting and the guns ceased firing. The enemy's fire immediately slackened, and a silence fell which tried men's nerves. From away to the left drifted up the angry sputtering of the troubled flanking party.

The Buzzards moved uneasily in the trenches. "Why don't something happen?" "Why don't we do something?" "Where's the Old Man?" "Ain't we goin' to advance?" Men began to curse unconsciously. The smoke drifted aside, and the enemy's intrenchments grew clear upon the hill brow, apparently unscathed. You may throw a great deal of old iron with the most bloodthirsty intentions and do an amazingly disproportionate amount of damage. The regiment expected to see the hill-side strewn with legs and arms, and was intensely disappointed. Such is war.

Somewhere a bugle sounded, and the regiment saw other regiments scramble up from the bowels of the earth, form hurriedly, and start forward up the gentle slope, a long, thin, blue line.

The Buzzards got up hastily lest they be left behind. They were going to assault the enemy's works. Well and good. Here was their chance. Right there was where they made their first mistake. They had been sent out to make a vigorous demonstration, which is not an assault. But the Buzzards wouldn't have known a demonstration by sight if they had found it lying labelled in their trench.

Even the colonel's mind was foggy as to what he was to do. So he put on a bold front and away they went, the "Old Man" on foot in the lead. He was a lawyer, and his knowledge of warfare had been hastily snatched from books in the last three months. At present his whole attention was bent upon hiding his hideous fear by keeping ahead of his men. It is no disgrace to be afraid, but it is a disgrace to show your fear. He knew the men would follow him, so he went on valiantly, while his heart played cushion caroms with his Adam's apple, and his knees felt like two in the morning and a champagne dinner. Incidentally, it may be remarked that he was doing all the situation required of him.

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Half-way up the slope the brigade deployed, and lying flat on its belt buckles turned loose the vials of its wrath upon the intrenchments above. Probably enough lead fell on the far side of that slope to cut all the leaves off the trees. Probably the intrenched enemy laughed. Certainly he suffered not at all. But the Buzzards felt that they must be doing immense execution, and were encouraged. They were making a fair-to-middling demonstration. That was about all.

Their position was immediately uncomfortable, and grew worse. They learned that just above them as they lay ran a solid stream of lead, moving with vicious velocity and singing a sinister, sibilant song. True, most of it went over their heads, but now and again, here and there, a man turned over with a groan and lay quiet in the grass, or sprang to his knees and fell forward on his face and his feet kicked a while and were still. Dank sweat broke on the faces of his neighbors, and they cried to their officers to be allowed to do something.

They began to suspect their fire was not working the deadly execution they could have wished. They felt the necessity for greater effort. They were lonely lying there with yards of grass between them. They wanted to get together, in a bunch, where they could feel each other's elbows. They wanted to rush those intrenchments up there. They wanted—they didn't know what they wanted, except that they didn't want to stay where they were.

Presently came an order to push up a little higher, and the regiment leaped gladly to its feet. The men were dead tired of lying in the grass and being potted from above. They saw the Old Man buckling into the hill ahead as though walking for his health, and they followed like woolly sheep.

They were going up as if on parade, and the bullets began to cut holes in the ranks, here a man and there a man. The line bent forward as though pushing against a current, as though it took physical effort to stem this tide from the hill crest.

The colonel didn't know how far a "little higher" meant, so he bent his head like his men and dug his toes into the hill. The fact of real importance at the moment was that this hill climbing made the calves of his legs ache.

On both sides of the Buzzards the regiments fell behind. They were going at a lively clip, and moving constantly faster, like a spirited horse on a hill. Directly the other regiments halted and dropped in the grass. And still the Buzzards climbed. They were nearing the last slope, three hundred yards from the crest. The brigadier called to an aide and sent him off at a horse-wrecking pace to "stop that crazy fool," meaning thereby the esteemed colonel of the Buzzards.

Now the trouble was this. The colonel had waded on a hundred yards through that sizzling stream before he awoke to the fact that he was taking his regiment up alone and unsupported. His mind had been otherwise occupied. He had been wondering how much farther those calves would take him. He turned to halt the men, and at the instant the firing from the crest ceased and silence dropped, except for the popping of the regiments behind.

To a man the Buzzards surmised that the enemy had incontinently fled before their ferocious advance. Therefore they let out one triumphant howl and broke for the crest at a double, with a barbaric desire to catch the fleeing Johnnies. The aide arrived and sought to block the rush, but they slipped smoothly around his horse like so much water and left him impotently cursing.

The colonel howled himself blue to no purpose, and joined the mob. The regiments below ceased firing lest they injure the Buzzards, and shortly received orders to advance and cover their retreat. For they must retreat; of course they must retreat.

"Good heavens, why don't they fire and have it over?" groaned the aide as he watched those shouting fools go ramping up the slope.

Two hundred yards. They were fixing bayonets as they ran, and making neat work, thanks to their drilling. One hundred and fifty. The ridge was silent as the dismal tombs. One hundred and twenty. One hundred and ten. One hundred—and hell broke loose.

Rifle and field gun. Solid shot and canister. Full in their face it struck, ripped through them, blew them off their feet, hurled them down the slope. The watchers below saw the blue line cut to tattered fragments in a finger-snap, saw it falter, a mangled mass of struggling men, saw it waver, half-turn, form again, and battle up the

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ridge. And men shouted, screamed, cursed as they saw.

The lawyer-colonel did it. Tumbled back with the regiment at the first blasting shock, he got his feet and his head and went down the mangled line raving like a lunatic. He knew with a soldier's instinct that they could not go back now. Their only chance was to rush the ridge, and rush it quick and hard.

The men could not hear him in the infernal din, but they could see him, and deliberately he turned his back upon them and went on up that bloody hundred yards. It took every grain of grit in his body, but he shut his teeth and did it, and after him came the frayed remnant of the regiment.

There were no more crashing volleys. The ridge simply smoked and flamed and burst unceasingly, and into the smoking hell swung the Buzzards, crazy as lunatics, stark, staring mad.

They had seen hard sights. Behind them lay a barrier which they would not pass. Headless trunks still spouting blood; men with faces shot away and life still in them; men strangling with the blood from drilled lungs; men with Minié bullets below the belt, writhing and calling on heaven and earth to ease them. Here one bleeding to death with a leg gone from a grape-shot. There one with a little hole between his eyes and the back of his head blown out.

The regiment had seen these things in the millionth of an instant, and had not retreated. Therefore it was become a terrible thing; an engine of war, a pitiless, bloodthirsty thing that would kill and wallow in the blood, and kill again, till food for its bayonets failed.

Driving through the seething inferno of smoke and fire and lead they went unseeing, unhearing, dumb, but mad with the bloodlust of the brute. Down upon them poured a stream of lead like lava from Etna. The survivors pushed on, always the survivors, for each instant cut them down. No longer a line, but a crowd of men fighting, each to wet his bayonet first, elbowing each other to get to the front, stumbling with oaths, but plunging on because they didn't know when they were whipped, because they didn't care an idle curse whether they lived or died; up—up—up they went, a swearing, sweating, murderous mob. Twenty-five yards, fifteen, ten, and staggering over the crest they fell upon the trenches. Then—well, revenge *is* sweet, and they had suffered much. Those in their front who escaped not quickly escaped not at all. There had been no time to reinforce the point assailed, and the other regiments arrived and made the victory sure. Then the Buzzards went back down the slope a hundred yards to their dead.

The brigadier shook hands with the colonel. "It was magnificent, Colonel; but, by thunder, sir, you ought to be court-martialed."

A man spoke with his fellow. "We've ragged them Buzzards a-plenty, an' I've helped; but"—and he swore a livid oath—"they're the d——dest, wickedest fighters in this whole division."

A Buzzard spoke with a Buzzard.

"Well, we done it."

"You bet we did."

MAN AS A MACHINE.

By H. W. Wiley,

Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE human body is composed of a framework of more than two hundred bones capable of being moved by muscles. These muscles are controlled by numberless nerve filaments uniting and centring in the spinal cord and the brain. In what do the functions and movements of the human body resemble the workings of a machine, and in what do they differ?

In the first place every movement of the human body or any of its parts is purely mechanical, and can be measured in intensity and duration as easily as the motion of a watch or a locomotive. Whatever the unit of mechanical measurement may be, whether a foot-pound or a kilogrammeter, it can be applied with equal facility both to man and a machine. You stoop

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and lift a two-pound weight from the floor to the table, three feet above. You have expended an energy of six foot-pounds. Attach the same weight to a crane and lift it the same distance—the amount of energy exerted is precisely the same. In lifting the foot to walk, the whole weight of the foot and leg and half the weight of the thigh are lifted a certain distance vertically, and transported the length of the step horizontally, and this process is purely mechanical.

All matter is in a state of inertia, and force is what destroys inertia or, rather, changes its nature. Inertia is not an indisposition to do things, but the tendency to keep on doing whatever you may be engaged in. You must overcome inertia to set a body at rest in motion. You must overcome motion to bring a moving body to rest. Nature, in other words, is ultra-conservative, and tends to keep on doing forever whatever particular act she may be engaged in. Just here is seen the first most important contrast between man and the machine to which attention is called. The machine does not begin nor stop its motion of itself. It moves or ceases to move by reason of external influence. In the case of man there are two sorts of motions—the voluntary and the involuntary. The movements which attend all the vital functions in man are involuntary, but arise from a subjective stress or impulse. Breathing, the circulation of the blood, and the digestive processes are examples. The voluntary movements are so well known that specification is unnecessary. Then there are other movements of the human body which are of a double nature, as recoil before danger, the quick reflex movements due to sudden pain, etc. It is possible to thrust the hand in the fire without flinching, but I doubt whether Caius Mucius Scævola had held his arm steady if his hand had been thrust into the fire inadvertently. But, however different the cause of the motion may be, the energy expended in producing it is absolutely the same in man and in the machine. Both with man and with the machine, in so far as we know now, heat is the original and common enemy of inertia. Heat acts to drive machines in various ways. Fuel is burnt to create steam, or the heat may be used directly in propulsion. The energy of every pound of coal consumed is accurately accounted for. Much of the heat energy generated goes up the chimney with the products of combustion and the residuum of unconsumed air. Always some of it is lost by radiation. Other portions of the energy escape in the steam from the engine, or are lost in the friction of steam in the pipes or in the friction of the moving engine itself. Only a small part of the original heat becomes finally effective in the work done by the machine.

Machines which are operated by wind or water owe their motion also to heat. It is the heat of the sun that causes those rarefactions of the atmosphere which produce the winds. The heat of the sun also carries into the sky the aqueous vapor which, when precipitated, fills the water-courses and turns the turbines. We do not realize the enormous energy exerted by the sun in the evaporation of water alone. It may be assumed as approximately correct—the exact figures cannot be known—that the average land surface of the earth is four hundred feet above the sea level, and that the mean annual rainfall is forty inches. A cubic foot of water weighs nearly 62.5 pounds, and therefore every square foot of the earth's land surface receives annually $3\frac{1}{3}$ cubic feet of water, which expends an energy of $3\frac{1}{3}$ times 62.5 times 400 = 83,333.3 foot-pounds in reaching the sea level. The heat of the sun, therefore, may be regarded directly and indirectly as the source of all energy exerted on the earth. In the case of man the heat value of the food he eats and digests is an exact measure of the energy exerted by him. This heat value of the food of man can be determined with the greatest accuracy by combustion in oxygen and the measurement of the heat produced. The heat generated in the body can also be just as accurately measured in a calorimeter, and this has been repeatedly done in this country by Dr. Atwater and his assistants at Middletown. Man has thus been shown to be as perfect a furnace as can be made, and every particle of heat generated by the oxidation of his food has been accounted for on strictly mechanical principles. Thus man and the machine are perfectly comparable in regard to the calorific character of the fuel which drives them and the disposition of the heat generated.

But there are wide differences in the construction of the two furnaces and the intensity of the heat produced. For instance, a pound of alcohol burned in a good lamp

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will give exactly the quantity of heat produced by burning it in the human organism. In the one case, however, the temperature of the flame may reach a thousand degrees, while in the other case there is no flame, and the temperature does not go much over 98.5 degrees. Another marked difference is to be noticed. While the fuel in a lamp or an ordinary furnace is all burned at one place, the fuel of the body is first dissolved, and on entering the circulation is distributed to all the particles of tissue and is burned therein. The comparison of the lungs to a furnace is not a happy one, for the fuel of the body is not burned in the lungs. The lungs serve a double purpose, for they furnish entrance to the air which feeds the fire, and also act as the chimney through which the smoke (carbonic acid and water) and the exhausted air escape.

The heat value of human food is measured in the laboratory exactly as the value of coal and wood are determined. Of the various elements of foods the fats have the highest heat value, the proteids or albumenoids next, and the sugars and starches the lowest. The heat value is expressed in terms of units of weight and units of rise of temperature. This resultant term is called a calorie, and varies in value according to the system of weights and temperature used. The most common units employed are the gram weight of water and the Celsius, or Centigrade, degree. The quantity of heat required to raise one gram of water at ordinary room temperature one degree in temperature is called a calorie, and the quantity necessary to raise one kilogram (one thousand grams), one degree a Calorie. The unit Calorie is therefore just one thousand times as great as the unit calorie. In round numbers one gram of sugar or starch will, when burned, generate a quantity of heat sufficient to raise one kilogram of water four degrees Centigrade in temperature. In other words, one gram of sugar is equivalent to four Calories, or four thousand calories. The albumen of an egg, the gluten of wheat, or the muscular tissues of meat, furnish about 5.6 Calories, and butter, fat, tallow, lard, or vegetable oil, about 9.2 Calories. These are general statements of the heat equivalents of the principal elements of foods, and are sufficiently near the exact amount for all practical purposes. Compare these with some of the heat values of the foods fed to machines:

One gram of	Calories.
Anthracite coal	7.100 to 8.400
Bituminous coal	7.100 to 9.000
Coke	7.900 to 8.000
Gasoline	11.000
Alcohol	7.100
Hydrogen	34.500
Carbon	8.129

In respect of economy of operation, man as a machine has a wonderful advantage over the machine pure and simple in the quantity of fuel required for the exertion of a given energy. The calorific value of dietaries in different countries has been determined in many instances, but it is difficult to determine any general average. The poorer laboring classes of Europe live often on rations that afford scarcely two thousand Calories per day. The average for full-grown men in Europe is probably somewhere between twenty-five hundred and three thousand Calories. The ration for women is about eighty per cent. that for men. The English seem to be better fed than the other nations of Europe. For this country the calorific value of the ration both for men and women is higher than in Europe. For American men the calorific value of the ration for twenty-four hours is perhaps nearly thirty-five hundred, and for women nearly three thousand. With more fuel than other countries we generate more heat and exact more energy man for man. There is a substantial physical basis for the general opinion that we live under higher pressure than the citizens of other countries. Our laborers do more work, our merchants more business, and our politicians more "hustling."

The quantity of work which can be accomplished by the man-machine by the oxidation of a comparatively small quantity of fuel is strikingly illustrated by the coolie who draws the jinrikisha in Japan. He will cover twenty miles with a quantity of food represented by a dish of rice having an approximate heat value of two thousand Calories. The nearest comparison with this is the light-running, direct-explosion, gasoline auto-car, which for a journey of similar length will use approximately six pounds of gasoline equivalent to thirty-three thousand Calories. The machine has the advantage over man, however, in the cost of fuel for the same calorific power. Six pounds of gasoline in this country cost about ten cents, while the quantity of rice required to give the same calorific equivalent would

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probably be many times that sum. Anthracite coal is six dollars a ton, while wheat is worth nearly thirty dollars, a ratio of nearly five to one. A ton of coal is equivalent to eight million Calories, while a ton of wheat represents only four million, five hundred thousand. For mere heating purposes, therefore, the relative prices of coal and wheat are about six to sixty.

Comparing man and the machine in the light of the above facts, it is seen that the man-machine is better adapted to service, works with less friction and loss of power, requires less fuel, but at higher prices, and can do more work for a given outlay of energy.

In this comparison many striking differences are seen. Man differs from a machine in that he is always fired up. The fire that is kindled at the day of his birth never dies out until death stops the wheels forever. Moreover, it is a fire of wonderfully even temperature. The healthy man is the most perfect thermostat ever invented. His temperature stands quite steadily at 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit. Whether at the equator or the pole, in winter or summer, as long as the health is unaffected we see this wonderful indicator registering the same degree of heat. There are slight diurnal variations due to action or repose, ingestion of food, etc., but these have but a transient effect on this vital thermometer. If the combustion is too rapid there is fever and the temperature rises. The fuel is then consumed faster than it is fed to the furnace, and man becomes an autophage, or sui-cannibal. The machine pure and simple has no such power of self-sustenance, and when the fuel is withheld even temporarily, it ceases to run, and thus shows another important difference between the human and the inanimate machine.

Much of the fuel fed to the man-machine is not burned directly. It becomes incorporated as new tissue to take the place of old tissue that is used up as fuel. This intermediate state of living tissue has no counterpart whatever in the thing-machine. Another portion of the fuel in the human economy may not be needed either for direct combustion or for preliminary tissue building, so it is stored away for use in a rainy day. It is not advisable, however, to carry too large stores of this kind. They are seldom needed in these days of plenty, and their accumulation is the despair of the aging matron and a burden to the contented bachelor. Without much apparent surplus of fuel the human machine may, exceptionally, run for an extreme limit of forty days without feeding the furnace from without. The wonderfully small quantity of food that will sustain life has been repeatedly illustrated in the misfortunes of the shipwrecked, the lost, and the icebound Arctic explorer.

In respect of the kind of fuel, there is also a marked difference between man and the machine. The furnace of a steam boiler welcomes everything that is combustible. It consumes with equal facility fat, flesh, fish, and fowl. It burns maize and wheat. It is fond of dried fruits and vegetables. It makes heat without favor of coal, wood, oil, gas, and farm products in general. The furnace of our bodies is more exacting. It cannot burn coal nor gas. It has no use for wood or charcoal. The fuel it burns must have certain chemical characteristics. It must be a carbohydrate such as sugar, a fat such as butter, or a proteid such as flesh. Add to these alcohol, a derivative of sugar, and you have practically all the materials which can be oxidized and produce heat in the human body.

The human body in respect of its nervous action has been repeatedly compared to an electrical machine or battery. There does not seem to be the slightest resemblance here. The electric current is almost infinitely swifter than the nerve impulse. An electrical message could go almost round the world while a nerve message is passing from the finger to the nerve centre and back to the finger again. The human body is not a galvanic battery nor a dynamo, nor does it resemble either in any respect. It may be charged with electricity if stood on glass, but so can a piece of silk or a stick of wood. There does not appear to be any relation whatever between the normal nerve function and any form of electricity or magnetism. The electric current will produce a contraction of the muscles, but the movement is spasmodic and painful, and gives no proof of any resemblance to normal action.

In regard to wearing out, there is a strong likeness between man and the machine. Each works better after he has "found" himself. Then comes a period of maximum utility followed by the days of

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decay. Old age is common to both. Finally the day comes, sad in each case, when they are out of the fight. Each may wear out or rust out, and in both cases rusting out is the speedier and more effective exit. Each is subject to accident and susceptible to repair. Modern surgery can go down into a wreck or on to a battle-field and build a pretty good man out of the fragments it finds. The machinist is, however, more certain of his patient than the surgeon. He can remove more of the vital organs and go deeper into the viscera. He fears no ferments, nor does he stand aghast at gangrene. One by one he may replace all the parts of the effete mechanism. If he, by lack of skill, spoils the job, a more deft artisan may pick up the fragments and put them together again. Not so with the surgeon. There are limits to his skill, and nature stays his hand. But he has some advantages over the machinist. He has the aid of the machine itself on which he is working. He husbands its vitality and depends on its plastic functions. He brings the parts together, but nature cements them. From the fuel which the injured man-machine consumes come new tissues, new arteries, and nerves penetrate them, and lo! the miracle of vitality is wrought in these regenerated parts. But if the surgeon extinguishes the spark of vitality, no successor, however skilled he may be, can rekindle it. Upon the whole the man-machine lasts longer than the other when kept at work. Rarely do you see any machine to-day that has been in use eighty years, yet octogenarians are plenty in our streets. In mere length of useful service, then, the man-machine has the advantage, and, as a rule, gets along during his journey with fewer repairs.

In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington there is a wonderful piece of mechanism used for engraving designs for bonds and bank-notes. It is perplexing in its intricacy, wonderful in its capacity for novel designs—so much so that it is said to be quite impossible to adjust it twice to produce the same figures. In accuracy, though made by man, it is far beyond the reach of the most skilful engraver. The figures which it makes are the despair of counterfeiters, who are forced to use the art of photography in trying to reproduce them. It seems almost endowed with a superior intelligence as it develops day after day new designs of wonderful beauty and absolutely accurate execution. But the man-machine is still more wonderful in the variety of work he can do. The creature can never be greater than the creator, and the skill that made the machine engraver is more wonderful than the product.

We have shown the absolute parallelism between man and the machine in the income and outgo of energy. In every mechanical sense they are identical. It would be an exhibition of uncalled-for temerity to push this theme beyond its legitimate sphere. But there is such an intimate relation between the mechanics of the living body and the essence of life as to offer an excuse for a peep beyond the curtain.

Do thought and feeling have any mechanical expression? The answer is certainly "yes." There is doubtless a definite consumption of energy in thought and thought transmission. The mechanical impact is so slight here that the heat liberated in thought has yet found no accurate measurement. After a period of protracted mental effort the head feels warm, and there is a quickening of the circulation and a general wakefulness and alertness both of body and mind that denote an increased oxidation of tissue. This fact has no relation whatever to the question of the existence of the soul as a separate entity. It is doubtful whether such a demonstration will ever be possible by any physical means. But it is evident that the mechanics of thought and nerve action will in the near future be subjected to measurement, and we shall be able to compute the exact calories of a polemic or a poem. What lies beyond may never be revealed to human view by balance or calorimeter. The man of science will confine himself to what can be measured and demonstrated. He absolutely leaves untrod the field of the positivist, the agnostic, and the theologian.

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WILSON'S PETRELS.

The one on the right is "walking on the water."

OCEAN WANDERERS.

SHEARWATERS, SKUAS, PETRELS, PHALAROPES, GULLS, AND TERNS.

By Herbert K. Job.

With Illustrations from Photographs from Life, by the Author, and, where noted, by Others.

[These photographs are a most extraordinary achievement in the new art of depicting nature and her bird and animal children. In Dakota, the far Magdalen Islands, and along the Maine coast, as well as at his Connecticut home, Mr. Job has secured, with infinite patience and ingenuity, the most surprising series of wild-fowl pictures, revealing facts as to the breeding habits of these shy birds which have never before been chronicled. His address and pictures created a real sensation at the recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union; and Audubon, the great pioneer, would have marvelled at this pen-and-camera presentation of no less than twenty species of wild-fowl in their native haunts. "Ocean Wanderers" completes a notable series of four articles on Water-fowl, published consecutively in this Magazine.—Editor.]

I SHALL never forget the day on which began my intimacy with a class of birds of whose existence I had been hardly more than aware. It was the 12th of July, and the first gray of the morning found me, with a party of friends, scudding down the bay of Chatham, Massachusetts, in a fishing-sloop. A light southwest breeze and a racing tide swept us out over the agitated waters of the harbor bar, off to the southeast, till, after about four hours' sail, we were some twenty-five miles off the Cape.

We all set to work with the lines, and soon great flopping cod, hake, and haddock were rapidly filling the "kids," or lockers. And around us gathered the feathered wanderers of the ocean floor. About six miles out the first one had appeared, a rather large bird with dark back and white breast,

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Photograph by Otto von Bargen.

FLYING WESTERN GULLS, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

that, with a peculiar gliding flight on long, narrow wings which it held slightly decurved at the intervals of sailing, skimmed low over the surface of the water in an irregular course till lost to sight. The name "Shearwater" had been to me a mere book term; henceforth it was a reality.

A few miles farther out we noticed a flock of about twenty birds resting on the water. As we approached, we saw that they were of the same sort, except that one was of a dark sooty color. The dark one was of the species called the "Sooty Shearwater"; the other kind bears the specific name of "Greater."

Before this I had only had one or two distant glimpses from steamers at Petrels, or "Mother Carey's Chickens." Out here the curious little swallow-like creatures—sooty in color, except for a white band on the rump—were everywhere flitting and pattering about. They fly in the most irregular manner, as though they had no special destination in view, as indeed they have not, careless where chance may lead, if only it is to food; and it is surprising how quickly these ocean wanderers can discover the presence of a supply.

After we had fished a while, we threw out some cod-livers. Just then, as it happened, there was but one bird, a Shearwater, in sight. It was but a moment or two before it spied the mass floating on the water, surrounded by a greasy "slick," and, alighting beside it, it proceeded, with satisfied grunts, to gorge itself in the most eager and gluttonous manner, as though afraid that another might come to share the feast. This evident anticipation was certainly well founded, for in a moment, as though out of space, a Petrel appeared, then another Shearwater, and soon there were over fifty birds around us. Perfectly fearless, they would swim or fly up, and almost take the liver from our hands. It was a most interesting scene. After a while, however, we tired of throwing liver, and went back to our fishing. Then, one by one, the birds departed. But whenever we threw out liver, even though at the time there was not a bird to be seen, it would not be five minutes before they would be as thick as ever.

This first day gave me yet another acquaintance. As we were nearing the fishing-grounds, I spied a large dark bird approaching, higher up than is usual with the Shearwaters, flying more like a Gull. "A Jiddy-hawk," exclaimed the fisherman, and, seizing a clam from the "washer," he tossed it over the side. The bird would have passed us at some distance, but no sooner did it see the fisherman's movement than it turned, and swooped down to the water, quite close alongside. Then I knew that the mysterious "Jiddy" was the Pomarine Skua, or Jaeger, of a tribe that is a sort of predatory adjunct to the Gull fraternity. We saw but two more that day; a little later in the season they were abundant.

The Shearwaters are now believed to breed in the antarctic regions during the southern

Photograph by Otto von Bargen.

FLYING WESTERN GULLS, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

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summer, about January or February. Like their allies, the Petrels, they nest in burrows in the ground or holes in cliffs. After this they start wandering, and where do they not go over earth's oceans? They wander up the southern seas, cross the equator, and, according to the fishermen, appear off Nova Scotia and on the "Banks" about the 1st of May, following the migration of various fish. They are found all over the northern ocean until autumn, when they gradually withdraw as cold weather comes on. They are rarely or never seen in winter.

The Jaegers, on the contrary, are raised in northern latitudes, in the short summer of the barren arctic solitudes. Thence they begin to wander down to the New England coast in July. By August they become common, and in September and October they are abundant in suitable localities on the ocean. With the advent of winter most of them proceed farther south.

Photograph by Otto von Bargen.

A WESTERN GULL, FLYING.

Our Petrels are both northerners and southerners. There are two kinds common on our coast, Leach's and Wilson's Petrels. The only perceptible difference between them is that the former has a forked tail and black webs between its toes, the latter a "square" tail and yellow webs. They are hard to distinguish at any distance, and thus one might overlook the rarer, though very similar, Stormy or Least Petrel. Leach's Petrel breeds from the coast of Maine northward, while the other goes with the Shearwaters to the mysterious far South. During summer, when our northern Petrel is breeding, it is usually the southerner that we meet off our coasts. In the autumn we find both kinds intermingled. As for winter, it has never been my fortune to meet any Petrel at that season, though they may occur farther off shore.

When I compare the two common Shearwaters, I recall little that is distinctive, other than their color. The Sooty fellow seems a little the heavier built, but this does not appear to affect its flight.

The movements of these birds depend largely upon the supply of fish. They love to congregate where whales are found, to pick up any leavings and secure their share of the small bait-fish that the monsters pursue. Shearwaters and Petrels are redolent with oil. When handled, they squirt out a yellowish oil from the nostrils. When the whales are about, the water has sometimes, in calm weather, seemed to me noticeably greasy, and I was tempted to imagine that

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GREATER SHEARWATERS.

the Petrels, that were everywhere pattering about, were engaged in skimming from the water choice and nutritious whale oil. The birds are scavengers, but one wonders what they find to eat, as there is so little on the ocean surface visible to the human eye.

One can never be sure of finding them abundant in any one locality, even on successive days. Now and then I have seen numbers of them just off Chatham Bars, but usually they are not common much inshore from the "Crab Ledge," a fishing-ground about eight miles from land. And then, again, they are away off on the "Rocky Ground," twenty miles or more offshore. Still, it is wonderful, when vision and other resources fail to place them, to try the judicious use of cod-liver. Again and again, when not a bird was in sight, and I was satisfied that they had gone offshore, as the boat sailed along I have tossed out now and then a piece of liver squeezed into fragments. In the course of some ten minutes a Petrel would be seen hovering far astern, feasting greedily. Soon the supply was garnered, and the "Mother Carey's" followed up the wake of the boat. No matter how fast we sailed, the ever-hungry bird soon caught up and flitted close about, as though begging for more. Not only one, but another and another—a Haglet, a Skua—and before long we had the usual company. I would not assert that by the chemical union of cod-liver and oxygen Shearwaters are produced, and from liver and hydrogen, Petrels, though at times it almost seems so.

These ocean birds seem to have some power of observation as to the weather. Fishermen had told me that Petrels flock before a storm, but it was long before I observed it for myself. At length, one afternoon in August, we were sailing in from the "Rocky Ground," when a thunder squall began to roll up from the westward. The clouds grew very dark, the air was quite still, and lightning flashes appeared shoreward. Just then we sailed by a flock of Petrels closely grouped upon the water. There must have been over a hundred of them, and others kept arriving, alighting in their midst. Though at rest on the water, they kept up a constant fluttering or trembling of the wings, and emitted low, twittering notes. They certainly seemed ill at ease, and I do not doubt that the approach of the storm had this effect upon them, as the skipper said it was a common habit at such times. Poor little things, this was all the refuge they knew how to take, the solace of companionship at a time of possible danger.

Petrels are thus named from their seeming ability, like Peter of old, to walk on the water. In reality this is done only in appearance; for, though they patter over the surface with their long, slender black legs and little webbed feet, the wings are kept constantly in motion, and it is these that really support them.

The time came when photography was made an adjunct to bird-study, and one August day the camera and I made our first

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joint trip out over Chatham Bars. This summer the fish were schooling well inshore on the "Crab Ledge," so we did not have to start till half-past five. In a couple of hours we were on the fishing-grounds, the day partly cloudy, and the wind light from the southeast. Birds seemed unusually scarce. Except for some Terns near land, I did not see a single one till we had been fishing half an hour. Then one Greater Shearwater came flying around after something to eat, and presently a Wilson's Petrel. This made me realize that we might yet have company, so I cut out some livers and threw them, piecemeal, astern, the strong tide carrying them swiftly to leeward.

The old method worked like a charm. Presently I had a pair of Greater Shearwaters bobbing around the boat, gulping down liver greedily, and quite a number of Petrels pattering and flitting about. Still they came—more Petrels and Shearwaters, then several Sooty Shearwaters and a few Pomarine Jaegers. The latter were shyer than the others, remaining, for the most part, on the outskirts of the group, though now and then venturing nearer for some specially tempting morsel. In half an hour we had a hundred birds close around us. The "Haglets" and "Mother Carey's" were exceedingly tame. They would come right up to the side of the boat to secure a piece of liver, and once I actually caught a Petrel alive by giving it a little poke with a gaff, and seizing it before it could again get a-wing. I nearly induced a pair of Shearwaters to eat out of my hands. They would swim up, extend their bills within a foot of the liver, and gaze at it as wistfully as a dog does at a bone. As soon as I dropped it, they would pounce upon it, extending their wings and uttering peculiar grunts and wailing sounds.

And here is how I got my photographs. I made ready the camera for an instantaneous exposure, and, by the focusing-scale, set the lens for what I guessed would be the proper distance. Then I enticed the birds as near the boat as possible by throwing out liver close alongside. With greasy

GREATER SHEARWATERS FIGHTING FOR A PIECE OF LIVER THROWN FROM A FISHING-SMACK.

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hands I caught up the camera, made a final guess at the focus, and snapped at the birds before they were off. A reflex camera would have been far better for this work, but I had to make the best of the apparatus at hand.

It was much more difficult to photograph the Petrels than the Shearwaters. They moved so quickly that it was hard to get the camera focused and aimed at short range before they were off, and, even when

"colored" Hags in large numbers invade the "Crab Ledge," most of the lighter-colored aristocrats manage to find more congenial marine pastures elsewhere. At times in August we are treated to a "Phalarope day," when rafts of these dainty little creatures dot the water far offshore.

But of all these special occasions, I know none more entertaining than "Jaeger day" at this great marine exposition of nature. One such that I shall ever remember was

GREATER AND SOOTY SHEARWATERS.

I did, the motion of their wings was so rapid that it required more speed than that of an ordinary shutter.

Once out on the fishing-grounds, aside from the vicissitudes of the elements, there is always the delightful uncertainty as to what a day may bring forth. Usually the Greater Shearwater is the abundant "Haglet," outnumbering their dark-hued relative twenty to one. But now and then comes a "Sooty day," when the order is almost reversed, though the disproportion is seldom as great. Perhaps there is a "color line" among the Shearwaters, so that when the

the 26th of August, four years ago. Long before we reached "Crab Ledge" I knew it was "Jaeger day," for the great dark fellows were everywhere about, chasing the Terns and Bonaparte's Gulls in their savage fashion. If a Tern or small Gull happens near a Jaeger, there is almost certainly trouble in store. The latter gives chase. The pursued makes every effort to escape; but the Jaeger—well named he is, "hunter"—is the better flier. With savage swoops he strikes his little white cousin, from this direction and from that. Mounting in the air is of no avail. So at last, in

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fear and despair, the Gull or Tern does what it knows the robber wants, disgorges the hard-earned contents of its crop—a choice fish or a mass of half-digested matter. No further use, at present, has the pirate for his victim. Poising for an instant, he swoops down after the meteoric shower of food, usually catching it before it reaches the water. If not, he alights, gathers it in, and then kites away in search

Each of these species is found to assume a number of types of plumage, and even experts are considerably at sea regarding their sequence. As the birds now flew about the boat, some had long tails, some short ones; some had white breasts, others dark; some were in light plumage, some in a phase of a sooty color; some were marked, others plain; some were barred, others speckled, and so on, this being true of both

GREATER SHEARWATERS EATING COD-LIVER, CLOSE ALONGSIDE A FISHING-SMACK.

of another swallow of the sea, on which to pour the vials of his wrath.

The specially interesting feature of this influx of Jaegers was the variety of their plumages. The Pomarine Jaeger, the largest species, is here usually the commonest, and was certainly so on the present occasion. A smaller species, the Parasitic Jaeger, was about half as numerous. I did not see any of the Long-tailed Jaeger, which, according to my experience, is far scarcer than these two, only scattering ones appearing now and then.

kinds. There is a great deal here to learn. I would suggest that some competent naturalist go out there with the fishermen, catch a number of Jaegers, and watch their feather changes in captivity. Such an experiment would furnish a very instructive chapter in ornithology, could it be carried out.

Better in some respects than the waters of Cape Cod for observing the habits of the Ocean Wanderers and other water birds are those off Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. Though more difficult of access, there is no harbor

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COMMON TERN APPROACHING NEST.

bar to cross. Perhaps the Shearwaters keep offshore, for I have not found as many of them there as at Chatham; but it is a fine place for the Jaegers. The fishing-boats there are mostly poor, frail craft, such as no Chatham fisherman would tolerate, yet their owners venture in them well off the land. During September and October the Jaegers become specially abundant,

A VERY YOUNG COMMON TERN.

congregating in localities on the ocean where the bait-fish are plenty.

Occasionally great numbers of Phalaropes are reported on the New England coast, but I have been off there hundreds of times in various years, only to see comparatively small, scattering flocks. Hence, I incline to the opinion that, in the fall flight, like the Golden Plover, most of the Phalaropes, after leaving Nova Scotia, pass so far off the coast that we seldom encounter the main body of the migration.

The only species described in this chap-

COMMON TERN INCUBATING.

ter with whose breeding habits I am, or am likely to be, familiar is Leach's Petrel. The nesting of the Shearwaters is practically unknown to science, and upon that of the Jaegers, except in northern Europe, only arctic explorers can enlighten us. But many of the islands off Maine and Nova Scotia have been adopted by multitudes of Leach's Petrel as their summer home. Seal Island, off southern Nova Scotia, is a wonderful Petrel resort. There I noticed a variation on their usual habit, in that they enter the spruce woods and dig their burrows under the roots of the trees.

Sometimes there were two birds in a burrow, but in these cases the egg had not been laid. Two birds that I took in the act of incubation from different nests and kept as specimens proved to be males. Some observers have thought that the male usually

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incubates, but others are said to have found birds of either sex indifferently thus engaged.

The puzzle is what becomes of the other partner? Practically never is a Petrel to be seen by day about the breeding-grounds. At night, however, the Petrels become active and noisy, twittering constantly, and flying to and fro from the sea. We cannot assume that the other is in some hole near by, for all the birds found are incubating. The fact, also, that the males incubate precludes the possibility of their deserting their mates, as is the case with the Ducks. Until something to the contrary is shown, we evidently must be content with the old theory that one bird of each pair flies out to sea during the night, leaving the other on duty till its return, after the shadows have again fallen, either to bring food and again depart, or else to take its turn on the nest and let its mate go foraging.

But the Ocean Wanderers need not our theorizing or assistance; they are a law unto themselves. We cannot hope to follow them in all their devious and trackless wanderings. Storms that destroy us are to them of little moment. Their arctic and antarctic solitudes are still beyond our reach and ken.

PAIR OF FRANKLIN'S GULLS ON A FLOATING NEST.

THE WHITE WINGED FLEET.

One beautiful summer morning, awaking to view again the splendid panorama of land

FRANKLIN'S GULL AND CHICK ON FLOATING NEST.

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SCENE IN A COLONY OF FRANKLIN'S GULLS.

and sea that is spread out before the bluffs of Manomet, we saw that during the night a white-winged fleet had taken possession of the water. Beautiful Terns were flitting over the sparkling sea and plunging headlong into it after an humbler finny prey. Before long the large white Gulls would come from the north, and patrol these shores in winter, when the Terns had sought a warmer clime. There is no class of birds more beautiful, more interesting, more picturesque than these exquisite, snowy-plumaged creatures, most of them pearly-mantled, that grace our lake and ocean shores. With easy flight they winnow the air, wheeling and circling even to the clouds. Some dart headlong to surprise the wary fish; others float down like snowflakes to take what the sea has cast up for them. Again, they gather together, either in buoyant flocks upon the water, or to dress their spotless plumage upon the strand.

Social in disposition, it is the universal habit of these dainty creatures to resort together in large colonies at the nesting season, for the rearing of their young.

Certain of these breeding colonies are among the most picturesque spots on earth.

One there is in Nova Scotia which I remember as seeming to me to be particularly beautiful. With two companions I set out on a certain clear, calm morning of early September, from Clarke's Harbor, Cape Sable Island, in a twenty-three-foot sloop, bound for Seal Harbor, about twenty miles out. It was slow work, with head tide and flat calm; but little by little we got to windward, following the coast to the north. By afternoon the tide had turned, the wind increased a little, and we were where we could lay an almost straight course for the island. At length we sighted its rocky shores and spruce-grown area; and at sundown the sloop was anchored off a cove, and we were receiving the royal hospitality of kind-hearted John Crowell, the lighthouse keeper.

Before sunrise next morning we were in the lighthouse tower. The cold, dark sea, foam-flecked, spread out beyond, the shores of Nova Scotia dimly visible to the northeast. Before us stretched the dark, spruce-covered island, spectacle-shaped, the two lobes connected by a narrow bar. Dotted all over the spruces were snowy Herring Gulls perched upon their tops; many others

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were already a-wing, flying out to sea to feed, squealing and cackling incessantly. The sky was clear, and the east already rosy red, changing its hues moment by moment, as the sun approached the horizon. All at once the glowing orb seemed to fairly bound from the deep, and instantly the whole scene was wondrously transformed. The ocean, recently so dark, now glittered and sparkled with a myriad specks of light; the spruces reddened under their baptism of fire; the Gulls were gleams of living radiance. From the spruces extended a long line of them in flight, going a mile or more out to some shoal water, where a large flock were riding at anchor, and others were hovering over schools of fish. "Devil's Limb," the grim rock of Cormorant resort to the westward, looked less forbidding in the glad sunshine that warmed up its wet, ragged sides into the semblance of a smile.

We lingered, spellbound at the vision, then started out with the keeper to see the bird wonders at closer range. Black Guillemots bred abundantly in the crevices under the loose rocks that were piled up on the shores by the fury of the gales. The breeding season was over, but some still sunned themselves on the rocks, or were swimming or diving offshore. Crossing the sand-bar, where Yellowlegs, Turnstones, and Sandpipers fed, we inspected some of the abounding Petrels' burrows, and then turned our attention to the great colony of the island, that of the Herring Gulls. The usual custom of this species is to select or make a hollow in the ground, and build around it a nest of grass, feathers, and seaweed; but sometimes—on account of persecution, it is probable—they take to the trees. So it was here, to a large extent. Nearly all the nests were in the woods. Some of them were placed at the foot of trees, or under spreading spruce saplings, but most of them were built in the tops of the spruces. When the nests were on the ground they were generally rather slight affairs, but on the trees they were very bulky platforms. The Gulls had brought load after load of grass and seaweed, till the mass was often large and firm enough to hold a man.

By September the breeding season is

IN A FRANKLIN'S GULLS' COLONY, SHOWING THE GULLS ON THEIR NESTS.

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HERRING GULLS ALIGHTING ON A SPRUCE TREE.
A protected colony, Great Duck Island, Maine.

nominally over, but on account of the pillaging of nests by fishermen, there were still a considerable number of the young Gulls not yet able to fly. They had all left the nests, having found some way, perhaps with the parents' help, of descending to the ground. It was a comical sight, those odd, mottled, partly downy, partly fledged, web-footed creatures, about as large as pullets, that were wandering about in the woods everywhere, pattering over the spruce-needle carpet, or else trying to hide by squatting under some bush or thick low growth. Now and then we found an addled egg in a nest, a great dark drab affair, heavily spotted with black, larger than a hen's egg. I was struck with the similarity of the color and markings of the egg and of the young Gulls. The smaller youngsters looked for all the world like eggs with stilts stuck into them below and a neck inserted on the end.

A great many of the young Gulls had taken to wing, and large numbers of both dark-spotted young and snowy-plumaged parents everywhere we went were hovering overhead, often not more than fifty feet above us. Nor were they silent; for of all the noisy places on earth, I do not know of anything that can equal a Gull colony. Each bird seems to consider it a matter of Gull morality to scream at regular intervals of not more than two seconds. When several hundreds or thousands are thus engaged, it would be deaf ears, indeed, that were not almost overpowered with the volume of sound.

The Common or Wilson's Tern is our most abundant species, very similar in habits and appearance to the Arctic Tern. It was years before I could tell them apart, and no one can always feel sure. The former kind has a paler bill, with black at the tip, while the bill of the Arctic is all of a dark coral red, and its breast is usually darker than that of its relative.

Off the southern shores of Massachusetts there are various sandy islands on which these Terns and others breed. One of these others, not yet spoken of, is the beautiful Roseate Tern, very similar in appearance and habit, breeding near and even among the other species, but distinguishable by its slender form and long tail, and a very white breast that in the right light shows a beautiful pink blush of a most delicate hue.

In the same habitat, from Massachusetts southward, is found that dainty little sylph, the Least Tern. I first saw it along the broad lonely ocean beaches of the "backside" of Cape Cod. There, as we walk along, several little Terns, much smaller than the other kinds, hover rather high over or beyond us, uttering their shrill

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HERRING GULL APPROACHING NEST. ENLARGED THREE TIMES.
A protected colony, Great Duck Island, Maine.

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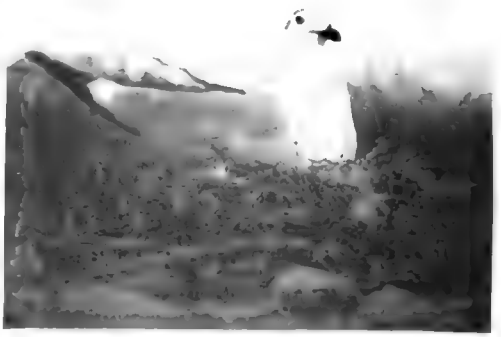
RING-BILLED GULLS NEAR THEIR NESTS.

staccato "yip, yip, yip." After a good deal of tramping, keeping our eyes painfully upon the blinding glare of the dry sandy expanse back from high-water mark, we may now and then detect two, or occasionally three, little eggs, that look almost exactly like mottled pebbles, lying in a slight hollow that is unlined, except sometimes for a scant bed of little chips of mussel-shell. These are the Least Terns' nests.

Previous to the departure of the Terns from us in the autumn, they are everywhere flitting about our shores and bays, following up the schools of small fish, and resting on sand-bars, flats, or even boats, buoys, or fishermen's traps. Old and young are intermingled, and they are tame and gentle. To bays where there is good fishing they will resort daily, flying out seaward at night.

The Herring Gull is the only true Gull that nests on the coast of Maine. From Massachusetts, southward, the Laughing Gull nests sparingly on sandy islands and marshes, often near colonies of Terns. The other species of the Gulls are more northerly than either of the above. Immature individuals linger far south of the breeding range of the species. So when I see more or less mottled Great Black-backed, Glaucus or Bonaparte's Gulls in summer, I do not imagine that I shall discover their nests by any amount of search. The breeding place of the latter on the Atlantic coast is as yet unknown even to naturalists.

Early autumn begins to bring the Gulls to us from the north. By the middle of August, among flocks of Terns we can often pick out a bird or two of heavier build,



RING-BILLED GULL INCUBATING.

YOUNG RING-BILLED GULL.

square tail, and slower flight, that proves to be Bonaparte's Gull in winter dress, without the striking black hood. By September, or even earlier, our familiar Herring Gull begins to return south from the breeding-grounds. If we look carefully, we may notice a very similar Gull that is a little smaller, known as the Ring-bill, which, in the coast region, goes in summer far to the north.

Once I had the good luck to be able, out in North Dakota, to investigate closely a breeding colony of Ring-billed Gulls and Double-crested Cormorants on a small barren island in a large lake, and a most interesting experience it was. As we approached in a boat, hundreds of birds rose into the air, and hovered or circled about. The

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NEST OF LARK TERN. *Photograph by W. H. Fisher.*

NEST OF HERRING GULL. *Photograph by A. C. Bent.*

NEST OF COMMON TERN ON BARE SAND.

NEST OF BLACK TERN.

NEST OF RING-BILLED GULL.

NEST OF COMMON TERN ON SAND DUNES.

NESTS OF DOUBLE-CRESTED CORMORANTS.

FLOATING NEST OF FRANKLIN'S GULL.

[All photographs are my own, except the two otherwise mentioned.—H. K. Job.]

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nests of the Cormorants were good-sized platforms, built very ingeniously of crooked sticks that were so interwoven that the nests were often substantial enough to be lifted up without falling apart. In fact, I found a nest on the shore of the mainland that had either been carried or drifted there, and yet was intact. There were seventy-three nests in all, in two about equal areas, one down by the shore, the other well up on the higher part of the island, but not far away. In each area the nests were placed touching one another. Nearly all of them held three or four very rough-looking, dirty white eggs, that seemed to be covered with a sort of chalky deposit, which can be scraped off, when a harder bluish shell is exposed. The Gull's nests were frail structures of grass, and were scattered all over the island, each holding three dark, spotted eggs. I got some very good pictures of these various nests, and of adult Gulls in the act of incubation.

Among all birds I do not know of a more beautiful species than the Franklin's Rosy Gull. It is of medium size, resembling Bonaparte's Gull in having a black hood, as it were, over the head and the upper neck, with pearl-gray upper parts; but the under portions, which are white, have added a beautiful rosy blush. They are found only in the West, and breed from Dakota northward to the Arctic Sea. All over the prairies they straggle, in small groups or in large flocks. The settlers call them "Prairie Pigeons," and I know of no more unique and beautiful sight than to see a small army of them follow the farmer as he ploughs, dropping into the newly-turned furrow behind him like snowflakes, to pick up the worms and grubs that are exposed to view. In places, especially near their breeding-grounds, I have seen the prairie fairly white with them.

Although so abundant in Dakota, they are most elusive in their breeding, and I had driven hundreds of miles over the prairies in vain search for their colonies. Hence imagine my delight when I received, one day, a note from a young friend to the effect that he knew of a large colony of thousands of the Franklin's Gull, and would guide me there, if I would come to his house.

The site the Gulls had chosen was at one end of a large, marshy lake a number of miles long; and by the time that the others—there were four of us—had pitched camp in the timber, our young guide and I had secured a boat, and we all sallied out, poling through the grass. We passed various Coots' nests and hovering parties of Black Terns, when, about quarter of a mile out, crossing a wide lane of open water, we approached a tract of the long, coarse grass, growing out of four or five feet of water, where the colony began. Not a great many Gulls had been in sight, but now they began to rise from the grass, hundreds upon hundreds of them, yes, thousands. The clamor of the nearer ones started those farther along, and even away off in the distance we could see clouds of fluttering white wings. The nearer ones immediately came towards us, and hovered screaming over our heads. At times part of the multitude would come together in an unusually compact mass and circle about us.

Here were the nests, rude floating platforms of dead grass stems, only slightly hollowed, a few feet or yards apart, everywhere through the grass. The date was the 25th of June, and most of the eggs had hatched. Tiny young Gulls in a mottled, downy plumage were paddling through the grass in all directions. What eggs there were, were like those of all Gulls in color and markings, in size about half-way between the eggs of the Common Tern and the Ring-billed Gull.

Though the Gulls were so tame that they would alight on their nests when I was within ten feet of them, I found that at first they had decided objection to my planting the camera close to their nests. I had the poles spliced to the legs of the tripod, and set the camera by one nest and another, to photograph the owner of the nest at short range. This did not work the first day. The bird would dash at the instrument with angry screams, hovering over it, but would not go on the nest. So I left the tripod out there over night, with the black cloth tied over the top. By the next day the birds had become thoroughly accustomed to it, and I had no further difficulty in photographing them. A bird would seldom sit on the eggs while the camera was near by, but merely stand on the nest and utter a scream at brief and regular intervals. In fact, this last was what every member of the colony was constantly doing. The noise was simply tremendous, ear-splitting, at such close quarters. In the course of hours it became almost unbearable, and started my head to aching.

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"Danny"

by

Alfred Ollivant

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle"

Chapter Fifteen

Danny does Homage

FOR three nights Danny was away. In the dawn of the fourth day, while still the clouds hung like a gloom on Lammermore, Robin found him curled outside the woodshed.

The gray mud of the moss-hags was on his flanks; between his toes was the sand of the badger-earths of the Forest; he lay at length as one very tired, with hollow flanks; and he was ragged with travel and stained with war.

Robin took him in his arms tenderly, and kissed him; then he bore him off to the kitchen and the Woman.

"O, my bloody, wee one!" she cried motherly, rose hastily, and clattered over to him with outstretched arms and mother-murmurings, took him away, fed him, washed and made him sweet as Missie would of old; and Robin watched her.

When it was over she went to call the Laird.

Danny went before, brisk and busy as ever, and Robin followed.

Past Missie's door the little man went, busy, bustling, paying no heed.

The Woman turned to Robin at her heels, and said bitterly:

"He is whole of his heart-break; he has forgot."

"He has not forgot," said Robin steadfastly. "And that you will see. Missie bid him come comfort the Laird, as I tell't you, and he has come."

The Woman turned on her way.

The Laird had already risen.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Here," said the Woman, and turned.

"Where?" said Robin grimly. "I do not see him."

"Oh!" she cried, "if he has gone back to Missie's room."

She started hot-foot down the passage, but the Laird stayed her.

"He is coming," he said; and as he said it the tick-tacking of nail-shod feet upon the naked boards came to their ears.

At the far end of the passage appeared Danny, and in his mouth a lady's riding-whip.

So he came to the Laird's feet, dropped his burden there, and stood over it, wagging, wide-mouthed, well pleased.

The Laird picked up the whip.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept from an admirer, Andie Campbell, the gift of a beautiful sheep dog, which she calls her "babe," on condition that the difference between manslaughter and murder be strictly observed. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of this distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and dies, and grief-stricken Danny betakes himself to Lammermore to mourn alone, while Deborah's heart melts for him.

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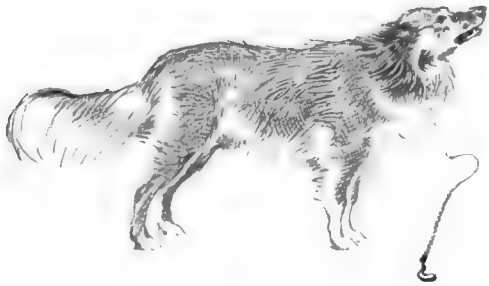
"Na!" screamed the Woman, and snatched up Danny.

"Never!" said Robin, rolling up his cuffs, "but over the last corp of Robin Crabbe."

"Put him down," said the Laird in his curt, brutal way.

The Woman hesitated.

"Put him down," said the Laird, and she obeyed, while Robin unrolled his cuffs and drew back.



"DANNY STOOD AT HIS FEET WITH LIFTED FACE AND DUBIOUS TAIL."

The Laird bent till his face was close to that of the gray man at his feet.

"I will lay no finger on you, Danny," said he, "now or ever."

Danny stood at his feet with lifted face and dubious tail; then he raised himself and stood against the Laird's knee and pawed. The Laird took the paw in his own great hand, and Danny looked up into his eyes and thenceforward was the Laird's liegeman forever.

Chapter Sixteen

Danny's Excuse

IT was a Sabbath afternoon a month later that the Woman in the kitchen was roused from her Book by a noise of worrying in the bowling-alley.

"What's yon?" she asked of Robin.

"It is Danny," said Robin at the window.

"What gars him girn so?" asked the Woman.

"Belike he has killed," said Robin, "and is giving Christian burial."

"Belike," sniffed the Woman. "The Lord appointed the Sabbath for to be a day of slaughter — that is what the man-males hold."

"He appointed the Sabbath to be a day of rest from labor," said Robin meekly.

"It's no labor to kill," said the old man. "It's a re-creation."

The Woman dropped her hands.

"There's a pair of ye!" she cried. "Each bloodier nor t'ither."

"I try to leeve up to him," said Robin simply; and went out to join his brother in blood.

Danny lay under a lilac on the far border of the lawn. He held something between his forepaws and chewed it with gusto; then he shook it ferociously and tossed it far. It sped through the air and fell at the feet of Robin.

A moment the Woman looked, then she fled forth.

"It is hers," she cried with drawn face and much-moved bosom.

"Whose?"

"Missie's," said the Woman, and began to brush it reverently with the hem of her apron—a silver slipper, dim now, stained with dew, and webbed across with gossamers; yet lady-dainty and fragrant with dear memories of the foot it once had shod.

Robin looked with awed eyes.

Danny stood with lifted face, wistful for his treasure.

Then a shadow fell upon the Woman, and the Laird stood beside her with outstretched hand.

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"Give it me!" said he; and she gave it.

He marched with it indoors, Danny trotting before him, looking back over his shoulder, wistful for his toy.

"Not that, Danny," said the Laird; lapped it in silk, and laid it in a cabinet with certain other pathetic treasures—all that remained to him, but the memory of That Year; and turned the key.

Chapter Seventeen

Mute Danny

A LONELY man all his days, on the threshold of his age, the Laird had taken to himself a child-wife, and had loved her.

She was just winning him back to the ways of men (he, the first Stark Heriot, so it was said, ever to be thus humanized), and was emerging into the light, leading her old man by the hand, when the sword fell.

Grim and every graying, the Laird stalked abroad, his short cloak swept about him, the moving shadows on the moor for company, and Danny ever at his heels.

At first, indeed, the Laird cherished him for her sake who had bequeathed him; later he bore with him because of his importunity; and last of all he loved him for himself.

So Danny, born to be loved of Queens, with manners of a court of Kings, and eyes to languish the heart out of a star, began to live out his life with a recluse grim Laird, rude Robin of the Weeping Eye, and his Woman, and was happy.

Chapter Eighteen

The Hush of God on Lammermore

WHEN the great gates of the Manor clanged and the pair came forth, the gray man stalking, gray Squire at heel, the women in their rose-laden porches retreated within doors and watched fearfully from behind drawn blinds. As the Laird swept by like a shadow, it seemed a village of the dead, such was the hush; and it was not till he had passed the last house that any dared come forth to peer secretly at him now halted at the bridge over the burn.

Danny never came to the bridge, but hunted upon the coping with questing tail; and the village knew why. For in the old days would not Missie often sit there, while waiting the Laird at business among his people? Had they not seen her time and time again of summer evenings, perched on the coping, swinging slim ankles, and, brimming with malicious laughter, drop pebbles on the backs of the fat trout asleep in the deep-eyed pool beneath, while Danny at her side with alert ears would crane his neck and grin hugely?

Now the inhabitant of the cottage nearest the bridge was a young soft man, who had come out of the West Country, and now herded sheep and dreamed his days out on the hill-side like David of old; and Robin was jealous of him for the dreams' sake. His tale was, that, herding high on Lammermore, in the holy evening, he had seen the Laird bareheaded and black, his back upon the evening star, looking forth over the moor to the far sea.

"And there," said the David of the West with dream-misty eyes, "the sun lay on the watters like a path of beaten gold leading into God's far country."

He stopped suddenly; the soft face and clouded eyes dropped. He was no more a seer and teller of dream tales, but a dull and callow youth, blind to all things save the bottom of his own pint-pot.

"His lips stirred so—" the youth rose and stood with lifted face, holding forth blind hands as though to his Beloved—"and he was laffin' and daffin' tender-like as with a wean. And while he stood so," continued the teller in his soft western speech, "I heard a cry at his feet, and I looked; and there was the wee dog looking the way the Laird was; and he was thrusting with his paw so—" he rehearsed it—"and girning like. And then the sun sank; and the wind rose; and darkness covered the skies; and I could no more see. And when it was fair night again, I looked, and the Laird was gone, and the wee dog with him." He made end.

A hush had fallen on all. They had gathered round the dreamer, not without awe. Now, one and all, they turned to Robin dumbly and with questioning eyes; and that old man for once was too impressed to mock:

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"'AND QUEECK!' HE SAID. 'I WHO AM FACTOR TO THE LAIRD THESE THIRTY YEARS, HAVE LITTLE TIME TO CLACK WITH A PACK OF OLD WIVES WEARIN' TROUSIES.'"

"It was there, at that hour of evening, she would ay go of old, she and Danny, to whisper secrets with the Lord."

Chapter Nineteen

Robin the Oracle

TWO nights later this same young Simon Ogg, of the flaming head and pale eyes, appeared in the alehouse in a sweating panic to declare on oath that the Laird was himself by day and Danny by night, and that he, Simon, had cause to know that these things were so.

Later, and at dead of night, the village took the tale to Robin.

Now Robin found it difficult to forgive them that they listened to that other, who, as he complained, dreamed his dreams and made no acknowledgment.

So, when the deputation came to the kitchen door, in the hush of secrecy, and lanternless, Robin received them coldly.

Himself taking a seat, and ostentatiously omitting to offer them one, he asked their business.

"And queeck!" he said. "I who am factor to the Laird these thirty years, have

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little time to clack with a pack of old wives wearin' trousies."

"It is this that we would ken," whispered the leader fearfully—"*Is his Honor whiles himself and whiles Danny?*"

Robin sniffed.

"If ye would know that," said he, "all you have to do is to ask."

"We kennt if any would tell us, it would be you, Mr. Robin," said the leader cunningly. "You that have his Honor's private ear."

"What!" cried Robin; "would ye ha' me that hase been factor to the Laird these forty years——"

"It was thirty a while gone," interrupted a rude youth.

"It was so," said Robin, "ten years back."

"The years fly," said the rude youth.

Robin rose, marched to the door, and held it wide.

Only the leader, an old, large-eyed man, stayed.

"Mr. Robin," he said, when the others were gone and the door was shut; "you ken things."

"What man kens," said Robin, mindful of the rival dreamer, "that I ken; and more," he added, "and more."

The old man left the door and drew closer.

"Whisper!" he said, and bent to the other's ear—"*Is there one just soul to the two of them*—to Danny and his Honor?"

The oracle of the dim ringlets wiped his eye.

"Maybe ay," he said; "maybe no," he said; "and maybe—neither."

Chapter Twenty

The Keeper of the Peace

MANY a time the gray knight returned from some immortal struggle against odds, bloody, ragged, and yet ever with bustle of love and tender eyes as his Woman clattered to meet him, screaming at sight of his raw wounds.

And while she bandaged him with lean fingers, Robin would sit on the edge of the dresser, and tell the Homeric tale.

"And what part play you in these bloody battlements?" she scoffed, "you that are a man of war."

"I just keep the peace," said meek Robin.

"I would fain see you!" snorted the woman; and a week later did.

It was in the hoary dawn when a glow was in the east like the reflection of hell-fire on the gray heavens. The Woman was raking out the ashes of last night's fire, when there came to her from far away on Fir-Tree Knowe such uproar and shrill clamor that she fled forth screaming.

On the brae-side above her, under the lonely fir that stands ruddy-glooming on the bald pate of the Knowe, she beheld the Keeper of the Peace. He was raving round an imagined tournay ring, conjuring the worlds to watch, and calling on his champion:

"Ho the Danny! Ho the man! Rip him! Rend him! Rive him! Remember, Jonathan, the passages of Michmash!"

Breathless, the Woman floundered on to the Knowe.

Under the fir and all about its roots hissed and hurled and swept a many-eyed cyclone, of blended gray and brindled.

"Hold off, Hellicat!" howled Robin. "Let be! let bide! Would ye wrest his glory from him?" and hurled the Woman headlong off the Knowe.

Back she floundered, vociferous, her hair awry, to find the fight was over. Robin sat upon a bowlder, a dead marten-cat dripping between his knees, and panted; and Danny, with torn shoulders, and hackles still on guard, was standing on three legs, with delicate nose thrust forth, saluting the gallant dead. He heard the step of the Woman, turned, and came to her with bursts of love and fond eyes.

She clapped him up in her arms, all bloody as he was.

Robin mopped his brow.

"I never saw the like of that for a fight," he said; "and that's nothing to some I've seen," he added. "She was in the fork of the tree, glowering just awfu', but I had her out of it with a bit rock in her bosom. And 'fore ever she laid foot to sod, Danny was fast to her. And oh, Woman!" he cried, "it was fearfu'! it was *fearfu'! just fear-fu'!* One while I doubted we would not prevail. Indeed," said the old man, mopping, "but fer me and the Lord . . ."

"Much you did!" cried the angry Woman, rocking her soldier on her breast; "you that clawed me off when I'd ha' clutched him."

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"Fair is fair," said Robin doggedly; "and if one is under-getting the other, then it's my job to give him a bit of a bat to set fair again."

"A bit of a bat to Danny!" screamed the Woman.

"Fair is fair," said Robin, smacking his lips; "and when it's two to one, I'm for Danny."

Danny's indeed seemed the rage of the fanatic. He massacred like some warrior saint of old who slew the bodies of the heathen gleefully to save their souls, and bore himself thereafter in so tender and devout a way as to lend a halo to his crime.

"To every man his work of the Lord. Some is warriors—and such was Jonathan. Some is saints—and such was Missie. And some is Searchers-out—and such is his Honor. And Danny," said he, "is neither one nor both, but a bit of all three."

"And Robin Crabbe the same," jeered the Woman—"Warrior, Saint, and Searcher-out."

"And some," continued Robin, "is just yatterin', squatterin' old yeld yowies; and such is Deborah Awe, Spinster," and he went forth gleefully.

Chapter Twenty-one

Son of his Father and Afflicted

SIMON OGG, though afflicted, was a mighty hunter on the marches of other people, as his father had been before him. That same father, indeed, had come upon his death at the Laird's hand through this sporting habit; since which time the Laird had forsworn all sport forever; and now, for many years, the spoiling of the Heriot baronies had been the unofficial perquisite of Simon Ogg and the like-livered: so, as young Simon put it, all was for the best, after all.

Then had come Danny; and all had changed. The little knight preserved rigidly in his own favor and Robin's; and there was no more any spoiling of the moors within the jurisdiction of the keenest-eyed March Warden north of Solway; and Simon Ogg was bitter because of it.

And well he might be. Those were bad and barren times for Simon, his mother mocking him everlastingly because he came home empty-handed from his hunting and stayed day after day huddled over the fire—cuddle-minnie that he was. Was he feared of a bit doggie?—him the son of Red-handed Simon.

Thereafter, on that night, words passed between mother and son, and later, Simon, driven by her houndings, went forth, strove all night, horror at his heels, and, in the morning watches, achieved a fallow-buck on the borders of the birchwoods.

As he wiped the sweat from his brow, and prepared to truss the legs of his victim, Danny came over the brow above him sedately; saw him kneeling in the bracken, and stormed at him down the hill with merry battle-cry.

Simon rose, roaring, and fled down the brae-side; and skilled in the wiles of the hunted, dropped of a sudden deep in a bracken-bed, and lay there to watch.

Danny did not pursue. He stood upon the body of the dead buck, and, head in air, cried for his battle-mate.

Robin came to his cry, saw the kill—that it was a deer; and made halt.

"Whisht, mannie!" he said fearfully. "Ye must mind your murders if the Laird's about."

Danny looked up, waggled furiously, and plunged with frank delight to gralloching his dead.

Robin bent, saw the cord tied round the dead deer's foot; and understood.

Then he stood up, turned his back upon Simon in the bracken-bed, and cried uphill to the heavens:

"Simon Ogg, son of your father and afflicted, hearken! I see you there. And I ken you're near by," he shouted, "my buckie, for I heard Danny call for you. And I heard ye hellaballooin' when he was after you. I thank you for your trouble," cried the old man. "I thank you for this bit venison: we was searching meat. And his Honor," he ended, "who killed your father fer you, out-bye, he, too, will thank you when he hears of it."

Then he bent, shouldered the deer, and departed down the hill, Danny at his heels.

Simon crawled away upon his belly; and his mother met him in the door of his home and blasted him with scorn.

"A fine son to a murdered father!" she cried, "who nor brings home meat for the pot, nor makes good his father's murder."

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Chapter Twenty-two
The Oath of Simon Ogg

NOW for Simon Ogg the bitterest sting of all lay in this: that Danny, the most jealous Warden in the country side, who fell like the sweep of a sword on all who crossed his borders, was not himself above reproach.

Often he would be away for days together thus a-raiding, and those would be wae days and dowie for Robin. Not only was the old man widowed of his battle-mate, and left to go his rounds forlornly in the dews, but the anger of the Laird was on him because of the absence of his Body-Squire; and worse, the Woman's tongue never ceased from prophesying woe and that her man was gone not to return.

Yet the old man was little to blame; for as he truly said, "When the Voice cries him forth, he will be away and nor me nor mortal will stay him."

And none could; none indeed ever attempted it, save Simon in bitterness of heart; and that was after the time that, greatly daring, he broke his kirk and the Laird had come to him still cuddle-minnying in his cottage and asked him what he had to say for himself.

Simon mumbled that he was born afflicted, his Honor having killed his father, as his Honor might call to mind.

"Ye were worse afflicted before I killed him," said the grim Laird.

"However," he ended, "in consideration of your being Simon Ogg I'll let you off this last once with a word of warning," and he went forth, grim and dumb, cloak-wrapt, and Danny at his heels.

It was the place where the sea comes thrusting into the throat of the Hills like the blade of a spear; it was the time when the seals play on the sand-dunes in the moonlight, and the dead come forth from the great deeps to feel again the breath of heaven.

What then happened by the lapping of the tide, in the stillness of the morn, the scared sea-fowl and secret stars can tell. Simon told none, and Danny never spoke of it. But for weeks thereafter, when the Laird swept through the village, his calm-eyed Squire at heel, Simon crept indoors, drew down the blind: and it was not till the Laird and his Squire were already at their questing on the bridge that he came forth into the street, and then, with lifted hand under the roof of heaven, his mother's evil eye upon him and the village looking, swore, by the blood of his murdered father, that one day by moor or moss, on land or water, in hell or heaven, he would get back upon the Laird and the little man in gray—"Life for life, soul for soul."

Robin, passing at the time, heard, but was little moved, merely reporting the matter to the Laird, who indeed noticed it so far as to set Simon the Longer Penance—"for taking an oath," so ran the grim order, "which he will not keep."

"We will see that," cried Simon, as he came forth next Sabbath into the kirk-yard, pale-eyed and blinking, from being shamed before the congregation.

Chapter Twenty-three
The Woman Prophesies

NOW there were others besides Simon, whose souls were vexed by the red crusades of the little knight. These were Wardens to the Englishry, who came up from the South year by year, like a blight of locusts to trouble the land; and these on a day, led by one who was himself no better than he need be, as Robin said, speaking foreign French and taking no snuff, gathered in council at the Ferry Ha' by the Ford of the Weeping Bride and offered blood-money for the body of a certain soldier-saint in gray.

Now it was but a week after that gathering of bloody men at the Ferry Ha' that the Reiver went forth a-raiding. He had been with Robin in the white dawn, going his rounds busily, bloodily, as was his wont; the old man had bent a moment to tie his shoe, and, looking up, had found himself alone.

Robin knew of old the vanity of pursuit, and mindful of that dark meeting at the Ferry Ha', he set his face for home, miserably; but as he drew near the kitchen, he habited himself in impudence as in armor, and rollicked into the kitchen with the conquering air of the victorious lady's man, pushed by

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the Woman, and passed down the passage into the hall.

To the kitchen he soon returned, sour at heart.

The Woman was joyful.

"He threeped at ye!" she cried. "*You will lose him once ower often*, Robin Crabbe. I have said it before, and I say it again. *You will lose him once ower often yet.* Mark me!" she cried, hanging on his heels. "My word will come to pass. It may be this very time, or it may not be yet a bit. But mark me! *you will lose him once ower often yet.* And that is my last word to you, Robin Crabbe."

"I would well it were," said the rude man, and trailed away.

Chapter Twenty-four

The Watchers on Lammermore

THAT gathering of dark men at the Ferry Ha' sat upon the old man day in and night out like the horror of Death. He would not tell the Woman of it; he dared not tell the Laird; so he must bear his burthen alone, and it was nigh to breaking him, foolish, fond, old man. Two days passed. A third came, and began to pass away, and still the Reiver had not returned.

That evening, at that tender betweentime, when the day is gone and the night not yet come and the gossamers swing across the evening like fairy tresses hung from star to star, there were three watchers on Lammermore.

The Woman had come out of her kitchen and stood at the foot of the brae, the evening upon her hungry eyes, scant hair, and time-worn face, to hallow them.

On the brae-side above her on Fir-Tree Knowe, was Robin. Once she called up to him shrilly to ask if the old man saw a sign of the lost one; but he stood like one deaf, his face to the west, and answered nothing.

Topmost of the three, in that high, lonely headland whither Missie and her knight had been wont to go on such holy evenings to whisper with the Lord God walking there, stood the Laird.

Great and grim and black he stood like a blasted fir against the sky.

The moors began to smoke, the mists to steal forth from the cleughs and nether-places of the land; the glory lifted from the face of Burnwater, lying afar like a dead lily floating in a mere of shadow, while beyond, athwart the Throat of the Hills, the sea was like a barrier of beaten gold.

The hallowed silence fell about him like a raiment; the stars came out; the moon lay like a silver sickle upon a field azure; and there came stealing across the forlorn, dark face that tenderness that the David of the Western Isles, herding up there, had seen upon it once in those earlier days.

He stood beneath the stars, no longer a Stark Heriot, but a dreamer of soft dreams, very dear. His feet were on the heather, his face in the seventh heaven, and upon it the ruined splendor of the west like a blindness to transfigure it.

And, just as the dreamer had told, he began laffing and daffing with lifted face, blind eyes, and tender hands; and as he stood so, smiling, he was aware of one stirring in the heather at his feet.

Dreaming still, he looked down and beheld two eyes of love, low at his feet, regarding him.

A moment he stood amazed; as one who looks into the eyes of her he has lost and found now after many years.

Then a wet leaf, as it were, touched his wrist.

He woke.

At his feet was no maidenly white Missie, but a storm-warrior, wet, haggard, ragged with battle, home from bloody doings in far lands.

Chapter Twenty-five

The Cure for Conscience

NEXT day Danny was not himself. The Woman noticed it—and abused Robin; Robin noticed it—and moped; so did the Laird—and scowled.

The little man was troubled, absent—"all the while away," as the Woman phrased it.

"He has something on his mind; some bloody murder you and he have been at in the wilderness."

"God send it's nothing on his stomach," said Robin, mindful of the oath of Simon Ogg and the Philistines of Altyre.

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"NO LONGER A STARK HERIOT, BUT A DREAMER OF SOFT DREAMS."

"It will be some crime upon his conscience, I am telling you," reiterated the Woman.

"What's he want with a conscience to trouble him?" gloomed Robin.

"What indeed!" sneered the Woman. "You do fine without one."

"I could clear his conscience for him fine," said he at last; "but I do think I could easier clear him of his conscience, and I will just drench him," said Robin. "That should throw it off for him fine."

That night he tried his remedy, but to no seeming purpose. Indeed he of the sick soul and drenched body disappeared; and the Woman, as was her way, raved at Robin.

In the dawn next day the sick one was home again.

There had come the old harassed, hungry look into his eyes. Even his dreams were troubled, as he lay at the Laird's feet and slept.

The Woman fell back on furious abuse of Robin.

"You have drenched him to his death!" she shrilled. "It's that is troubling him."

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"Ye said it was his conscience a while back," sneered Robin miserably.

"So it was," cried the Woman. "And you killed his conscience with a draught; and now that same draught is killing him."

"It is better I should kill his conscience," said Robin, "than his conscience should kill him;" and went.

As he sat that evening seeking familiar comfort in the village ale-house, Simon Ogg, drinking, in the door, dropped his pewter suddenly.

Robin woke from dim dreams.

"Simon Ogg, son of your father," said he solemnly, "where was you last night when ye was where ye'd no call to be?"

"Whisht, man!" whispered Simon urgently, his cheek cuddled against the door-post, peering round it fearfully into the street.

The potman went to the door and looked over Simon's shoulder.

"What is it ye see?" he asked. "Is it a warlock? that gars ye glower that gate."

Simon nodded furiously.

"Where?" asked the potman, himself not unafraid.

"Just there," said Simon, nibbling his finger-tips and nodding streetwards.

The potman looked.

"Danny, as the Lord lives!" he cried.

"Not in the flesh," said Simon, chattering.

Robin tumbled to the door, and saw the little lonely figure pass through the village; he saw him come to the bridge and leap to the coping, as of old; he saw him at search there with diligent nose; then the little knight came back, busy, hurrying, rapt, and the trouble in his eye.

Robin turned on Simon, chattering in the door.

"Where was you last night?" asked he sharply.

"In the Forest," said Simon. "And he was there; and he is fey; he is fey."

Half an hour later, Robin looked in on the Woman in the kitchen with solemn eye.

"That has been shewn me that is troubling our man," he announced, and nodded. "He has met Missie in the wilderness."

The Woman looked up, startled.

"How came ye by that?" she asked.

"I have seen a thing," said Robin, nodding—"in a dream."

Chapter Twenty-six

The Papish Philistine

THAT night Danny disappeared; so did Simon Ogg.

Robin knew it; so did the Woman.

"It's the second twice in three days," she screamed. "He has gone not to return, and as I said and so it has proved."

As in the morning of the fourth day she was saying it for the thousandth time, the Reiver trotted in upon her.

Then it was Robin's turn. From dawn to eve he stirred not from the door of the kitchen, jibing at the Woman for a lying prophetess, a Bald-headed Abomination, and every pet-name, fair and foul, a ruthless tongue and rude wit could lay hold of. Not till evening fell did he desist, to retire to the village; there to fitly celebrate the Reiver's return and the utter destruction of Deborah Awe, Citizeness of Sodom.

He had been gone a bare half-hour, when the Woman, returning to the kitchen, was amazed to find him sitting before the fire, his head between his hands.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Back so soon! You are indeed the rapid drinker that walks to the village, gets you blind-drunk, and home again all while I gar his Honor change his feet."

"I am not blind-drunk," said Robin, chin upon his hands.

"It is this"—and Robin looked her in the eyes; "last night—Tuesday night—the Forest of Altyre was moved. To-day was to have been a great shooting at Altyre. There has been no shooting because of the moving. And on every brig and naked wall from here to the Ferry Ha'," continued Robin dully, "they have a reward out against the mover. I have seen it with these eyes."

"They may reward and reward," said the Woman grimly, "and yet if it is as I say——"

"It is not as you say," said Robin shortly. "You say lies. It is not on the Lord they are putting it. I would it were."

"On whom, then?" asked the Woman.

"On Danny," said Robin.

The woman pondered, chewing her underlip.

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"Who is it has the Forest this year?" she asked at last.

"Young Johnson," said Robin; "a young fool-man with a fair wife. It is not for him I fear," said Robin. "He is little better than as God made him. Nor for her. I have seen her in Campbell-ton carousing by in chariots and horses, and though she decks out in gaudy duds as it might be the Scarlet Woman," said Robin, "yet she is ower like to Missie to do scathe to any that walks God's earth, let be Danny."

"Who is it then you fear?" asked the Woman.

"Awe," said Robin harshly, "I fear none. But O Woman!"—he threw up dim eyes, and dropped his hand upon his knees—"I am just sore afraid."

"'WHIST, MAN!' WHISPERED SIMON."

"Because of why?" asked the Woman, with scared eyes.

"Because," said Robin, "of yon muckle slabber of a foul-mouthed foreigner."

"Goliath!" cried the Woman, wide-eyed.

"Ay," said Robin, biting home on a plug. "He has sworn."

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"That's little more than the mort o' men do," said the Woman, relieved.

"No man ever did it in my hearin'," said Robin, "and lived. He cursed Danny by his gods."

"That's no matter," said the Woman. "The gods o' the Philistines aren't much."

"Wait!" said Robin. "He swore," and swallowed—"he swore," and looked at her with ever-growing eye.

"To kill him?" whispered the woman.

"To crucify him," said Robin.

"To crucify him!" screamed the woman, and rammed her apron into her mouth. "My man!"

"Ay," said Robin, "your man—my man—Missie's man—all our man!"

The Woman was pale as her apron. She turned and scurried for the door.

"Where away?" asked Robin sharply.

"To warn his Honor," cried she.

"Let be, Woman," snapped Robin. "What cares his like for his Honor?"

"If not for his Honor, for whom then?" cried the Woman, hand on the door.

"Woman," said Robin solemnly, "is it to yon old billie that we will turn in our hour of need? Na. This is a matter for a mighty valiant man and a man of war."

Robin gathered himself and rose.

"Here is your David," said he, and stood before her, dim, age-bowed, with dripping ringlets, very meek. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine for you."

Chapter Twenty-seven

A Man of His Word

IT was night; and from the cottage of Simon Ogg proceeded merriness and shrill song.

The door opened, and a face looked in. Within all was blackness, save for the light of the peat-fire splashing ruddily on dingy walls, low rafters, hung with onions and fat hams. Pinned to the centre beam and fluttering in the red light like a huge anguished butterfly hung a notice; and before it in the firelight danced Simon Ogg, beating with two wooden spoons a furious rat-a-tan on the sides of a fat ham, and screaming.

"Simon Ogg, son of his father," said a voice in the door.

Simon leaped round, saw one in the door, dim, ringleted, and bonneted, against the night and everlasting stars, and tittered.

"Ye're fine and songful," said Robin.

"Ay," tittered Simon, and searched with blind hands at his back.

"Pluck for that notish hanging from the beam," said Robin, "offering ten pounds reward for information against you for bein' there."

"Who's been where?" said Simon, nibbling his nails.

"You have," said Robin, "in the Forest that was moved."

"And who tell't you?" said the youth, fearful, but dogged.

"Ah," said Robin, "I have my dreams."

"Your dreams can put no proof on me," said the youth, watching him with cat's eye.

"And there is Danny," said Robin.

"Danny!" cried the youth, and began to chatter. "Did he see me? But now I mind me," said Simon, "I was never there to see."

"And now I mind me," said Robin, "he was none there to see ye."

"Indeed, but he was so!" cried the youth.

"Can ye swear to that?"

"Swear to it!" cried the youth. "I just saw him."

"You saw him!" cried Robin, and transfixed him with accusing finger. "You saw him, you that was not there!"

Simon staggered, but recovered.

"It was in a dream I saw him," he mumbled with the flashing genius of the insane.

"You dream dreams!" cried Robin. "The very trouts in the poddles will be dreamin' dreams next. Na," he cried, "na; there is but one dreamer of true dreams to each parish. And I am parish-dreamer in Hepburn. And you was in the Forest. You was there," said Robin inexorably, and turned to stump out.

"Where to?" asked Simon, following, pale-eyed even in the dark.

"To earn ten pounds."

Simon drew closer. "See here, Mr. Robin," he whispered, nibbling, "if you will swear to tell none, I in my turn will tell you a thing concerning Danny," and nodded.

Robin stayed.

"Ye'll none tell Jolliff, the Englishman," pursued Simon. "He has his eye towards me. He would clink me if he could."

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Simon drew closer stealthily.

"Whisper!" he said, and began: "I did just happens in there or thereabouts in the Forest Tuesday night. And I woke and found me there."

"Where?"

"On Windy-hope, above Burnwater: it's there where the great fir was that cam down in the tochet-storm two years gone. And as I was layin' out-bye who should come by but——"

Robin held up his hand.

"I have heard plenty enough for my purpose," said Robin. "I thank you."

"And what's that?" said Simon suspiciously.

"To hang you," said Robin.

"Will ye betray on me?" screamed Simon.

Robin turned on him wrathfully.

"Am I a Judas?" he asked, "that I would break the troth I have plighted. Na," he said, "I will indeed inform on you—how else would I earn the reward? But I do not go to the Bloody Englishman," said Robin, "but to his Honor."

"But the Forest's none of his Honor's?" cried Simon.

"Is not Danny his Honor's?" said Robin sternly. "And are they not putting the moving of the Forest on him? Shall he suffer for your sin?"

"I'd liefer ye tell't the Bloody Englishman than his Honor," whined Simon.

"It will be the same to you," said Robin firmly. "For I will tell it up to his Honor, who will tell it up to the Fool-Sassenach, and he to Joliath, and Joliath to the police."

"And I will be clink't," cried Simon.

"You will so," said Robin.

Simon chattered. "Mr. Robin," he began, "need ye tell his Honor? It was him killed my daddie on Gaunt Scaur."

"Ay," cried Robin fiercely, "and for all thanks to him for doing that for you, you would kill his Danny."

"I'll ne'er lay a hand to him," whimpered Simon.

"You took an oath," said Robin inexorably.

"It was Minnie made me," whined Simon. "O Mr. Robin, is there no way but his Honor must know?"

He stood before the old man, lank, quaking, shabby-kneed, and whimpered.

"There is one way," said Robin at last, "and but one: Go you to Altyre the morn's morn. Tell the Bloody Englishman it was you, and none but you moved the Forest. And it might be as well," added Robin, "to tell him that to your sure and certain knowledge Danny was not out that night. Tell him that, just as I have tell't you. And if," said Robin solemnly, "you add to that by the half of one word or take from it the less than that then," said Robin, rolling dim eyes, "may the Laird do by you as he did by your father on Gaunt Scaur, or worse," said Robin, "or worse."

"Can he worse than murder me?" screamed Simon.

"What the Laird caan't," said Robin, "there is just one that can, and that," said he, "is Robin Crabbe."

Chapter Twenty-eight

"Where is my Danny?"

IT was dawn next day. Simon Ogg stood in the door of his cottage and shivered: and at his heels was his wolf-eyed mother, whispering.

"Who strikes Danny strikes the Laird," she was saying in his ear. "Mind that, you that are son to a murdered father, you that took an oath and was shamed for it before the congregation."

Simon shrugged, shivered, stepped out into the silent street as one plunging into cold waters, and turned west. Once he turned, and in the silent street his wolf-eyed mother stood watching him; so he turned again and took the old drove-road that skirts the foot of Lammermore, surging up to heaven in long, slow sweep, wind-ruffled, nor yet awake.

As he came out on to the cold moors a tiny figure black against the dun dawn on the hill-top, espied him and came plunging down the brae, Danny at his heels.

"Where away at cock-shout?" asked the old man with upraised authoritative hand.

"I go to Altyre," chattered the youth, his eyes on Danny.

"On that business I spoke with you of last night?" asked the old man.

"The same," said Simon.

Robin eyed him critically; then he thrust forth an old hand.

"Simon Ogg," said he, not unfeelingly, "you have more guts to you than has been

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shewn to me. It is ill to sin," continued the preacher of the weeping eye, "but some hold—and I am one—that to sin and then to confess your sin is better than never to have sinned at all. And mind," said Robin, "if they give you the ten pounds for informing against yourself, it is to me that it belongs, who put you in the way of addling it. Go! and the blessing of St. Colomb be with you in clink——"

Simon, son of Simon, tramped on his way, tittering, while Robin trotted home with heart uplifted.

In the kitchen he sat down and laughed long and silently.

The Woman looked at him.

"I have saved my Danny," said Robin.

"And where is your Danny now?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Here to my heel," said Robin, turning and ever turning, and ever paling as he turned, "only I just caan't see him. . . . He'll just be with his Honor a bit," said Robin, feigning indifference, and yet with shaking lip.

"I will see that," cried the Woman and ran.

In a moment she was back, clattering furiously along the passage.

"Is he not with his Honor?" he asked.

"That he is not, nor has been!" cried the hard-voiced Woman, and stood over against him, gaunt accuser, hands on hips. "And his Honor would ken where he is."

Robin began to sneak forth.

"It is of you I ask it, Robin Crabbe!" cried the Woman, dogging him. "You that are our champion! You that have saved him!"

"If he is not there," said Robin, "it is like he will be some other where."

"He is lost!" cried the gaunt Woman; "lost!" and turning, shrilled down the passage, "Robin Crabbe has lost him again, your Honor."

"Send him here!" came the harsh voice from the hall.

"The Laird would speak with you," said the Woman, turning.

"I caan't come," said Robin, and sneaked away; and the Woman hung on his heels.

"What was it was the oath of the Bloody Englisher?" she cried. "Word for word, that I may rehearse it to his Honor."

Robin above her on the mound quavered, bowed, and fell suddenly upon his knees.

"To crucify him," he sobbed, his old face in his hands. "To crucify him. O minie! O my man!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH.

By Arthur E. Bostwick, Ph.D.

UNTIL recent years the science of medicine has been almost entirely empirical. Physicians have given quinine for malaria simply because quinine has been found by experience to cure or relieve that disease. Why it did so they did not know, and were unable to find out. There is nothing to be said against the results reached by such a method as this. They are sure and valuable. If we believe current report, the method is followed by Mr. Edison in much of his work. If he wishes a substance having certain qualities, he tries, one by one, all the substances that he can lay hands on, until he finds one that suits him. The disadvantage of this lies not so much in the result as in the way of attaining it, which takes no account of all the previous work that may have been done on the same subject. To take a simple example, if we wish a substance that will char when heated, we do not try, one after another, glass, various stones, the different metals, etc., until we happen to hit upon a bit of wood. Science, which is the classified and ticketed experience of generations, tells us that substances that char are hydrocarbons, and that the process of charring consists in driving off the water and leaving the carbon behind. This narrows our search at once and gives us a larger list of substances answering our requirements than

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could be easily obtained in the more roundabout way.

In order, however, that the scientific method may be followed, two things are necessary; a very large mass of experimental fact, and the grouping of the facts under general laws that serve not only to connect and explain them, but also to guide the experimenter to the discovery of new facts and laws. The first condition must be fulfilled before the second, and it may be fulfilled centuries before the second. In astronomy, for instance, much of the body of fact now at the disposal of scientific men was ascertained thousands of years ago. Attempts to group and explain the facts were made with greater and greater success as time went on, but it was not until Newton stated the law of gravitation that they were linked together in the most satisfactory manner.

Medical science before the statement of the germ theory of disease was in much the same condition as astronomy before Newton. It had its body of facts, but attempts to connect and explain those facts comprehensively had not been successful.

The most ambitious of these attempts was that made by Hahnemann in his law of similars, and even this did not aim at discovering the cause of disease, but at indicating a general law of cure. The Homœopathic school of medicine still holds and acts upon this law as stated by Hahnemann, but it has not been accepted by medical men in general, and its position as a scientific law seems insecure even within that school.

It is not too much to say that the discovery that a very large number of diseases are caused by microscopic organisms of low grade growing and multiplying within the tissues of the body has put medical science on an entirely different footing. It would be too much to say that it has bound together all the facts as Newton did in astronomy by his famous discovery; the facts of human life—even the material life of which alone the physician takes account—are vastly more complex than the simple motions of the celestial bodies. But it has certainly put new life into Dr. Dryasdust. He is now a scientific investigator in the truest sense. He knows his enemy, and he can make his plan of campaign. The germ theory of disease has not only saved countless lives—that is the practical side of the question—but it has made it possible for Metchnikoff to enunciate his theory of inflammation, which sees in the redness of the skin the rush of millions of blood corpuscles to do battle with the invading germ; it has made possible serum therapeutics with its boundless possibilities; it has started up investigation along a thousand side lines, and has instilled new courage and hope into the medical man, who feels that he is no longer groping in the darkness of empiricism, but has come out into the dawn, which gives promise of the still clearer light of the day to come.

In other words, the physician of to-day gives quinine for malaria, because he knows that malaria is caused by a parasite in the blood corpuscle, and that quinine is fatal to that parasite without harming the patient. The result is the same, but the mental process by which it is reached is scientific instead of being purely empirical.

The moment that a thousand facts are linked by the discovery of a law of relation, significance is given to a thousand other facts, and light is thrown on a thousand new lines of investigation for the discovery of new facts. Thus under a system of scientific investigation and study the body of knowledge grows rapidly. Investigation, instead of being carried on sporadically by isolated men here and there, who are regarded askance, as if they were doing something odd and uncalled for, is being systematized and recognized. It is still far too haphazard, and the complete organization of the world's scientific work is doubtless far in the future; but at least we are intelligently attacking certain problems, and we are building and endowing great institutions of research where the work may be done to the best advantage. Any addition to these facilities is an event of capital importance, and hence the interest excited by the announcement that John D. Rockefeller, whose list of benefactions to the cause of education was already enormous, had added to it another item by the endowment in New York City of an institution for medical research.

This institution is for work, not for show. It has even, for the present, no buildings of its own, but will utilize the facilities offered by already existing laboratories in all parts of the land. Mr. Rockefeller recognizes the fact that, while magnificently equipped buildings for research exist on all sides, the labor of those who take up the work of investigation in them is not remu-

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nerative. Research work, though it lays the foundations for the physical and commercial welfare of whole nations, must be largely a labor of love, it is true. The great modern electrical industries depend on the initial investigations of such men as Faraday in England, and Joseph Henry in this country; yet Faraday and Henry reaped no golden reward—that reward is the meed of those who in later days have applied their discoveries to the uses of daily life. Nor would Faraday and Henry have made more discoveries or more valuable ones if they had been given millionaires' incomes by some beneficent friend. Theirs is the kind of work that is done through divine scientific curiosity—the desire to find out truth.

Yet a man must live, and even the born investigator cannot investigate without his three meals a day. It is to enable the right men to follow their bent in the collection and grouping of scientific facts and the solution of scientific problems that Mr. Rockefeller's endowment will be used. The character of the work that is to be done is guaranteed by the names of the Board of Directors to which Mr. Rockefeller has entrusted its management. They are as follows: President, Dr. W. H. Welch; Vice-President, Dr. T. M. Prudden; Dr. H. M. Biggs, Dr. C. A. Herter, Dr. Simon Flexner, Dr. Theobald Smith, Dr. L. Emmett Holt. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research begins work with a fund of two hundred thousand dollars, which is to be expended in scholarships for special investigators in various lines of research connected with medicine and surgery. At a meeting of the directors, held in October last, it was decided to establish nineteen such fellowships, and the persons to whom they are awarded will work in laboratories in Chicago, Montreal, Philadelphia, Ann Arbor, Boston, Baltimore, and other cities. One, Dr. Marshall, is to work abroad, and he is already on his way to Professor Ehrlich's laboratory in Germany, where his investigations are to be carried on. The men who will be selected as investigators are those who have already been engaged along this line in the various laboratories of the country, and they will be appointed on the recommendation of those under whom they have been studying or working. The object is to select the best-trained medical investigators in the country, and give them the means of supporting life while they go on with their labors, instead of forcing them to go into general practice to get a living and abandon the special work in which they would be of so much greater value to their country and to medicine.

All the fellowships will be for one year, during which time each holder will be required to engage in original investigation and to submit a report to the directors, who will publish his results if they are found to be of sufficient value.

Two lines of research have already been taken up, and they may be cited to show the eminently practical character of the work that may be expected. An exhaustive investigation of the New York City milk supply, made during the past summer by three trained workers, is completed, and the results are in the hands of the Board, although it is not intended to publish them at present. This investigation included the thorough inspection of farms and dairies, and of transportation, careful bacteriological analysis, and a special examination of the health of the inmates of certain public institutions and of tenement-houses in connection with the quality of the milk consumed. The second investigation, which is still being carried on, is a study of the germ that causes outbreaks of epidemic dysentery. Dr. Flexner, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been intrusted with this work, has made special visits to New Haven, Connecticut, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where such outbreaks have recently occurred, and his conclusions are expected to be of great value. During the coming winter the work will have special relation to forms of tuberculosis and typhoid fever, and next year it is expected that its scope will be still more extensive.

The work that can be done by such an institution as this is of incalculable value. The exact lines that it will actually follow are of course mere matter of speculation, and will doubtless depend more or less on the varying conditions that present themselves from year to year. There is material at hand for a dozen such institutions—nay, for hundreds of them. In all the great departments of medicine; in anatomy, in physiology, in *materia medica*, in pathology, in therapeutics, there are thousands of unsolved problems, thousands of undiscovered facts, thousands of known facts as yet waiting explanation or correlation.

In anatomy, to be sure, we know the

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larger elements of the body pretty thoroughly, but regarding its microscopic structure we are yet largely in the dark. On mere seeing aright, on the mapping out of the relations of the nerve-cell to its neighbor, or of the internal features of the cell itself, depends the solution of many a vexed problem. In physiology we are yet ignorant of the uses of entire organs, while the mechanism of the most familiar processes is still in dispute. The full and intelligent description of digestion, of sleep, of inflammation, is still beyond us. In *materia medica*, though the chemists are overwhelming us with new drugs, we use them in too many cases before their properties have been accurately ascertained. One school of medicine habitually uses whole classes of remedies that other medical men reject, while many physicians are turning their backs on drugs altogether. Systematic and scientific study of the huge mass of material at hand for use, either rightly or wrongly, in the cure of disease, would be of the utmost value to the human race, and yet it cannot be said that it has ever been undertaken; the task is too herculean. In pathology, the great advances that have been made have served only to open up new avenues of research. The discovery of the malaria parasite, for instance, has been followed by the recognition of its presence in the mosquito, and by the whole remarkable series of investigations that have established the relations of this insect to the propagation of disease. This, in its turn, has stimulated investigation of the whole subject of the influence of insects of all kinds on the spread of various diseases, and may at some future time result in attempts to exterminate whole races of noxious insects.

In addition to these problems, which lie at the foundations of science, there are the numberless questions of immediate bearing on present conditions that are continually offering themselves, and that often have to be neglected because the answers will cost money, and the money is not forthcoming. There is a mysterious outbreak of typhoid in a particular town. What caused it? The local board of health would like to investigate, but cannot go far for lack of funds. The people of the town do not see the use of investigation. It cannot bring the victims back to life, and it keeps the town in bad odor in the newspapers. So the time for the discovery of facts that will be valuable to the whole country slips by, and next year an outbreak that might have been prevented carries off a score of people in a distant State.

This sort of investigation has a practical side that appeals to the ordinary man, and it is this, apparently, that the Rockefeller institution is to take up at first.

But it is to be hoped that the announcement that its work in the future is to embrace a wider field means that it will not confine its investigations to those subjects that appeal to our practical commercial instincts. The larger problems, which seem somewhat abstract and removed from daily life, but whose solution paves the way for the practical applications of years to come, should have the first place, and it is precisely these that need the stimulus of such aid as Mr. Rockefeller's. The citizens of a great city need, or ought to need, no aid in the investigation of the purity of the food that they and their families consume daily. They cannot be expected to take so personal an interest in the physiological problems whose solution may prolong their grandchildren's lives. Yet the latter problems are of larger importance for humanity, and they cry for aid. It is a stimulating thought that, as time goes on, so long as there are intelligent and generous givers in our country, fewer and fewer of them shall cry in vain.

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this Son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister and from an old club friend, Major Downs, both of whom agree that it is wise to let young bloods have their swing; which advice horrifies Rufus's self-accusing conscience, and he, in his perplexity, begins to think seriously of Madame Dewey's casual hint that he himself should get married—incidentally to Madame Coldcream. Charlie also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of the unknown Madame Coldcream, in which it appears that father and son entertain similar views toward each other. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected save, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie; more particularly when one day the latter, out for an early morning ride with indifferent Miss Io, comes suddenly upon his father carrying Polly across the stream of the Swirl, a mortifying situation considerably strengthening the friendship of the delinquents, who loiter homeward by the way of the Lodge, where milk and bread and butter can be obtained, and are met by Boylston, the coachman, with his team, and driven home. A few days after this Rufus and the Doctor, in the library, are interrupted by Polly, who insists upon being admitted to the conference, in which an understanding is arrived at concerning the future of Charlie and Io, and Rufus is introduced more intimately to the charms of the fine old country-place and to Mr. Fancher, a beau of Io's, and a dawning cause of jealousy to Charlie. Just at this time Polly takes it into her head to visit neighboring cousins at the Clove, so thither Rufus and the Doctor are compelled to walk one summer day to seek advice and to bring the young woman home. On the way, the Doctor-philosopher, explaining to his companion that he is one who "isn't content to furrow the land, but fraternizes with it," calls Polly a sheep who has strayed because she "scented the conspiracy and resented the omission" and detested Fancher. They find Polly at the Clove, Boylston coming up later with "Mother" in the phaeton, and shortly after Io and Charlie on horseback. Polly is delighted, and from her window takes a snap-shot of the group. When at home, on the Rose Bench, Rufus, confiding his troubles to Polly, finds that she is the very young woman from whose influence he thought to have removed Charlie when bringing him to the country. They soon mend this misunderstanding and return amicably to the house, only to find that Fancher has proposed to the Doctor for Io's hand and been refused. Rufus discusses his own situation with Charlie, and has just determined to forget Madame Coldcream, when a letter arrives from his sister with the information that she and Madame Coldcream have accepted Fancher's invitation to the annual tournament of the club, at Tuskaloo, and with a hint that Rufus's tender sentiments are not unknown to their object, Madame Coldcream.

IX.—FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING . . . .

THIS letter completely threw me off my mental balance. Fate sometimes is a Nemesis trying to play the Merry Andrew. It isn't pleasant. It annoys one to have serious matters masquerade. Destiny, I said to myself, has a serious rôle to play, and this is too ridiculous. Madame Coldcream coming here, is she? Then by the inexorable demands of business I can pack my gripsack and hie me to New York to-morrow on a matter of vital importance.

I woke up the next morning, and, looking at myself in the glass, saw with satisfaction that I had a well-defined expression of decision round my mouth. I prided myself that it was the mature expression that belongs to such an act as is called "taking the bull by the horns."

But those summer mornings at Tuskaloo —when all the ephemeral annoyances of life fled from the memory and nothing remained but the glory of the hour! Those glittering moments sang together a new symphony of life, and it was impossible not to feel, despite all the conditions of one's mind, that these were transitional and transcendent moments when dumb material uttered its elemental rhythms with effluent unison, and the vivid sunlight, the cool shadows, the dewy rose-scented air, and the disturbance of the birds were all parts of the same uplifting oratorio. I walked about as I attired myself and tried to suppress an inclination to whistle, because in a resolute frame of mind whistling is not consistent. But when all the elements about one are kicking up a roulade it is difficult to suppress one's automatic sympathies. I looked into my companion's room. He was gone. Wayward youth, I said, he has no sense of the seriousness of life; and just then the pulse of air that came in my vine-covered window brought with it a stave of human song, itself rose-scented and softly exultant—a mere snatch of song that seemed to have tumbled into expression out of the condition of things, and was going its bright way with the hurrying hours. But how well I knew it—a strain of "Lucia di quest Anima"—just that bobolink burst, and I knew

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that Polly was somewhere mixed up in the dewy shadows exulting, like all other things, without considering.

I suppose every exultant girl has a casket of a voice into which the old Masters have at some time dropped their little jewels, and these mornings open the lid and let them shine.

All the domestic elements in my comedy were assembled at the breakfast table, all wearing the morning on their unlike visages, and I alone trying to look judiciously *mal à propos*, with my sense of impending danger. They were all keyed up to auroral gayety of heart, and the Doctor began his fanfare as soon as we were seated.

"Good news for all of you," he said. "Have to brush up the old ranch and get out our laced and embroidered hospitality. High-stepping company coming."

We all looked at him with a keen interest, I alone suspecting what was impending.

"We are to have a tournament in the mountains at the club house," he said, "that you know; but what you do not know is that some old friends of mine are coming to it from New York. I have a letter from your sister," he said, looking at me, "Madame Petunia Dewey, announcing her intended visit here to renew her old acquaintance with me and to look after her Brother; and she brings with her a friend, Madame Coldcream."

This announcement, so confidently and jovially made, did not fall upon all of us with the same enlivenment. Charlie, who sat opposite me, let his two hands come down upon the table, holding his knife and fork in them, and stared at me with his eyes propped very wide open by inquiry, and his mouth partly open, as if to accommodate a little gasp. Io, who sat next him, was alone unperturbed, and went placidly on taking her coffee by the spoonfulls. Io, as usual, was superior to any vagrant emotions.

There was a moment of silence, and then the voices all broke out together.

"I suppose you were also notified of the visit," said Charlie, still boring at me with his wide-open eyes.

Polly, by my side, was leaning forward, trying to look into my face. I felt that she was anxious to see how Charlie's look affected me, and Mother's household anxiety surmounted everything.

"Why, Doctor," she said, "you know we've only one up-stairs maid, and all the woollens in the extra chambers are put away for the summer; the muslin curtains are not up, and the mosquito-frames are all in the barn."

"They will have to take pot-luck," said the Doctor. "Madame Dewey I know very well, and she will accommodate herself to circumstances. As for the other lady, I presume my friend Rufus can vouch for her adaptability to our barbarism."

"A most estimable lady of the old school, Doctor," I said; "sure to add distinction to your group."

"And that is just what our group needs. When it comes to tournaments we shall need a chaperon."

"But we do not need two, do we?" asked Polly. "Who's the other one for?"

"Bob," said the Doctor, "always speaks as if there were only one young lady in the house."

"Naturally," replied Polly, "when I don't count. But isn't it rather late for a chaperon?"

"A good chaperon ought to be a great relief to all of you," said Io, holding a piece of omelette in the air with her fork.

"It strikes me," said Mother, "that you are speaking somewhat disrespectfully of our coming guests. As they are friends of Mr. Fancher's, I think we ought to try and match them in politeness and courtesy."

"Perhaps," said Polly, "they are coming to chaperon Mr. Fancher."

"That will do, Bob," said the Doctor; "please keep your twitters until after meals. You do not need a chaperon—only a policeman. You must understand that the ladies are not only Mr. Fancher's friends, but the friends of Charlie and his father."

"I beg your pardon; I only know one of the ladies—she is my Aunt," said Charlie.

"Oh, you'll learn to appreciate the other lady's good qualities, from all I hear," observed the Doctor, looking at me with a particularly sly expression.

But Charlie tried to rise to the occasion, and remarked: "I have heard of the lady, and I am quite anxious to see her and satisfy myself if she be a fact or a fantasy."

I was getting impaled on both sides now, and I didn't like it.

"Fantasy, my boy!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Whose fantasy? Yours?"

"No, indeed," replied Charlie; "not mine."

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"May I twitter, please?" asked Polly demurely.

"No; not a twit, my dear. It strikes me that you are putting a rather flippant aspect on a very important event. I expect this establishment to assume its highest tone and wear its best bib and tucker on the arrival of our honored guests. The visit may result in some very interesting, not to say serious, considerations. At all events we must do our best to preserve the record of this house in high-toned gayety and hospitality."

The Doctor's voluble good spirits overrode everything.

"We'll make it antiquely and rustically warm for them," he said, "and if we all work together, matters will go as merry as a—well (looking at Io and then at me), as merry as a marriage bell."

When the breakfast was over I went immediately to my chamber, where, I felt sure, Charlie would seek me for an explanation. How I was to act in the matter I scarcely knew at the moment. It occurred to me that the apparent collusion of myself and Madame Coldcream might enable me to still hold the whip-hand over Charlie. Should I tell him the truth—that I had nothing whatever to do with the visit, or should I let him think that I had? In the one case I might sacrifice my advantage; in the other I might sacrifice his respect for me. Before I had made up my mind, he was upon me. He came in with a rather brusque manner, I thought, shutting the door carefully after him.

"Say, Dad, you ought to treat me squarely. There's not one chance in a hundred that Madame Coldcream would come here unless you wanted her."

"My son," I said, "I had no hand in bringing her here; but now that she is coming it may be of some practical advantage to me."

"Practical advantage!" he exclaimed. "You said last night she was a fantasy and I was to dismiss her. Did you know she was coming when you said that?"

This direct appeal to my sincerity was very hard to dodge, and I was afraid that the intrigue would sooner or later disturb his faith in me.

"Certainly not," I replied. "But now that she is coming, of course the fantasy idea will have to be given up. She is determined to convert herself into a living fact, it seems. But that is a matter that need not give you any uneasiness."

"But it does. I do not like to have Madame Coldcream suspended above me like the sword of Damocles, liable to fall at any moment."

"Explain yourself."

"I mean that it is better to have done with it—to have her fall, than to have her always impending. If you and I must go different ways, why I suppose the best thing to do is to brace ourselves and accept the decree."

"Oh, you feel that way, do you?" and I could feel myself collapsing at this first assertion of independence.

"Look here, Charlie, it sounds as if you had made your programme much more definitely than I have. I can invent an excuse to get out of this—urgent business in New York. We can go back to our rooms and dodge Madame Coldcream, if she annoys you."

He was standing near the table, and, striking his fist upon it in exact imitation of his Dad, he said:

"No, sir. I stay here and fight it out. I've never had but one model, and I have tried to imitate it pretty closely—even in its lightning changes. Let the Damoclean Coldcream fall."

This was fairly hoisting me with my own petard, whether Charlie was aware of it or not. I did not want Madame Coldcream to fall—at least upon myself, and, after considering a moment, I told him so.

"Then," said he, "I cannot understand why you should want to run away just as matters are approaching a crisis here."

"Oh, they are getting interesting, are they? I suspected as much."

"Suspected? You desired it, didn't you? See here, Dad, I think I have been a pretty docile son. I've tried my best to adapt myself to your changing moods, but I'm blessed if I can do it any more unless you give me a route of them. Your mind is getting so eccentric that it changes over night. Yesterday Madame Coldcream was a fantasy. To-day she is a fact. What she will be to-morrow I shudder to think. A week ago, you were scared to death because you thought I had fallen in love with a church mouse, and in a spirit of the most self-sacrificing filial obedience I tore the church mouse out of my heart and proceeded to fall in love with a wax Venus.

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Instead of calming your mind and bringing it round to its normal gait, I'm blessed if you haven't gone off at another turn and act as though you were indignant because I didn't defy you in the first place."

"Easy, easy, my boy. I didn't know how far matters had gone."

"Didn't you? Then what made you so anxious to get me away from New York?"

"Why, you young ingrate, it was you who were anxious to get me away. You were scared to death by Madame Coldcream, and now you want her to fall upon me like the wolf upon the fold. Talk about an eccentric mind—look at yourself and blush. Why, it was only last night you wanted to go back to our rooms."

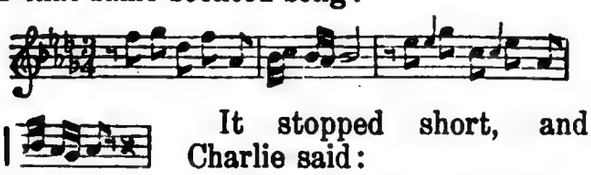
"Pure regard for you, sir. I am learning to put my own desires in these matters entirely at your disposal and prepare for anything. I have told Io that I love her. I didn't expect a medal for it, but I certainly did expect some consideration for my obedience."

"But, confound it, sir, you told the other girl that you loved her too. Must I inform you that no man of our stock would lead an innocent girl to believe that he loved her and then coolly desert her for the first good-looking woman he met. What would you think of me if I did such a thing?"

"You labor under some disadvantages, Dad—you haven't a father."

"But this is a serious matter, my boy, to trifle with a girl's heart, and the worst of crimes to break it. That poor girl may be crying her eyes out now on your account. By Jove, sir, I saw tears in her eyes, and it went to my heart. I don't know how you feel, but there is something shameful in the mere possibility of a double game of this kind."

We were looking at each other rather seriously, and at that moment there came through the roses at the window a snatch of that same scented song:



It stopped short, and Charlie said:

"There are no tears in that, Dad. Why in thunder don't she finish it?"

"Ah," I said pensively, "it is like a broken column."

"Do you think so? It seems to me more like a cash payment on the instalment plan. You said you wanted to see us together. Why not give her a yodel out the window. Troll the rest of that song. You know it—I've heard you whistle it."

He looked at his watch. "Ta ta," he said. "I promised to go with Io for a gallop before the sun got up."

"Go your way," I said; "I will have a talk with Polly alone."

"That's good of you—you comfort her and cheer her up like you do me. I'll be back in an hour, and maybe by that time you'll have a new idea."

I went down and sat on the big veranda, where I lit a cigar and tried to give myself up to the morning swoon.

Presently the Doctor joined me. His heavy tread on the porch made the boards creak as if even the old lumber of the place had sharp, tiny voices that could be called into service. He had on his nankeen jacket, a soft, yellow, unstarched round-about with big side-pockets, out of one of which hung a silk bandanna like a toreador's, and his immaculate duck trousers gleamed round his massive legs with ample coolness. He took off the broad Panama hat, fanned his ruddy face with it once or twice, and, taking in all the inspiration of the moment, said, with a lusty, comprehensive breath:

"Well, my old friend, it is for this we toil and spin."

"True," I replied. "There are some moments here that are too bright to belong to Time. They seem to have filtered down from Eternity."

"My dear fellow," he said, pulling up another big quaker rocker and disposing himself in it like a Rajah who has included Nirvana in his assets, "my dear fellow, we apportion our feelings off to the hours. If we could keep our morning freshness till evening, everything would glitter and sing in the dusks as it does in the dawns. It is not that there is any more joy afloat in the morning; it is because we are better attuned. If I wanted to convert men I'd begin at daybreak, when the souls are already half converted and don't know it. Religion is a matin hymn, and I suppose love is, too—our young lovers have gone away into the dew and sunshine. I saw them ride off."

He said this jocularly enough, but it sounded rather melancholy to me. I don't know why.

"Io has acknowledged to me that your

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son is an attractive young man. Attractive, my friend. Weigh that word from a girl's mouth. Io is not volatile and effusive like Polly, but there is every reason to believe that the wind sets from the right quarter, and I do not mind saying frankly to you that it is a great relief to me."

I was not sure that Charlie ought to marry Polly, nor was I entirely certain that she would break her heart if he didn't. Would it not have been extremely selfish on my part to disturb, simply on account of a pair of blue eyes, the relationship which was growing up between Io and Charlie?

"Doctor," I said, feeling my way along guardedly; "Doctor, what are you going to do with Polly?"

"Ah," he said, "there you touch me. She belongs to the atmosphere of the place; one of those appurtenances with which you must not do anything. I cannot bear to think of the ultimate evaporation of Bob. Her twitter is as much a part of the sunshine and song of the long evening of my life as is Nature herself, and gives it the zest of morning. But I suppose that bubble must burst. Some confounded yokel, like a hawk, will come along and pick her up and fly away with her, and then—why then, things will grow silent and gray. I have allowed myself to drift into a comfortable delusion that, come what may, Bob will be always somewhere about, swinging on a spray and twittering. It's rather foolish, I admit, but it is the penalty of having no Bobs of your own."

"Yes," I said; "I can understand that. It makes us old fellows wish that we were thirty years younger."

"Then we should not appreciate it. A young man doesn't care for atmosphere—he wants avoirdupois."

"Doctor, Polly weighs at least a hundred and forty. She is heavier than you think. I wouldn't estimate her by her twitters, and she is not a bad-looking girl, either."

"Yes, yes—it takes sixty or seventy years to estimate Bob's weight. I see you have arrived at years of discretion; and then, our faculties are keen in the morning. You always were susceptible just after breakfast. I remember how you tried to build an ivory throne in the Hotchkiss woods for a milkmaid. Well, well, I shall not blame you—in the morning, when the Universe is flirting with itself. I felt like singing when I saw your boy galloping off an hour ago. Yes, I did. I haven't got much voice left, but my memory is good, and an old ballad slipped through my mind, as if it had Polly's buckled shoes on.

> And as he lingered at her side,
> Despite his comrade's warning,
> The old, old story was told again
> At five o'clock in the morning.

Do you remember how Parepa Rosa sang that homespun ballad years ago, with her sunrise voice making daybreak for dusky souls?"

The Doctor was reminiscent and human—in the morning.

"It is always the old, old story," he said. "The best we can do is to sit on the shore and watch the old springtides flushing."

Somehow it did not appeal to me in exactly the same way. I saw a pair of violet eyes looking up into mine, suffused, and appealing. They remained to me the most eloquent eyes I had ever looked in. It was plain that the Doctor had never detected their pathos.

But all this was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a horn on the road.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the Doctor, jumping up. "Our guests—and Boylston is making an ass of himself with a horn."

We could hear the horses coming, and presently the laughter of voices. I had just time to breathe a transitory hope to myself that Madame Coldcream had been left behind, when the equipage turned in at the gate dramatically, with Mr. Fancher galloping by its side, and there was Madame Coldcream, sure enough, on the front seat, just as large and resolute as life itself, and as they came jingling up to the veranda, in the highest of spirits, there came faintly from the distance the vanishing strain so like a receding bobolink's:

(To be continued.)

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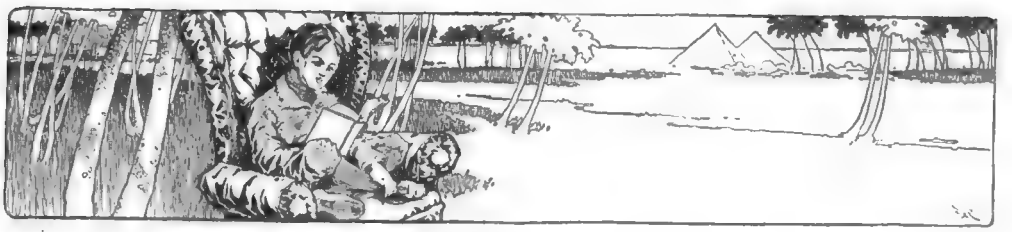


TOBY.

By John Ten Eyck Tompkins.

Illustrated by F. Richardson.

TOBY was well snuggled in the capacious depths of a voluminous armchair well drawn up to the hearth.

Outdoors it was raining pitchforks, and the wind was rattling loose shutters and hurling itself in fitful volleys on the window-panes. Toby's knees were crossed tailor-fashion; upon them rested a book; Toby's eyes were shining, his lips parted, for Toby was breathlessly crossing the desert of Sahara; and unless that green speck upon the horizon should turn out to be an oasis at last, Toby was likely soon to be very thirsty.

A rude hand shaking him by the shoulder, he tore his eyes reluctantly from the book and lifted them with a slow, reproachful, upward glance.

"Toby," said Miss Battleworth, "your room is in worse confusion than ever. Come right up-stairs with me."

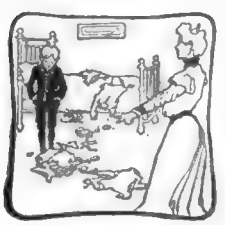
Toby sighed deeply; he shut the book, and, holding his forefinger in the place where he had left off, trotted dutifully up-stairs in the wake of Miss Battleworth.

When it was pointed out to him that under the bed was *not* the place for his Sunday trousers; that the closet floor was *not* the place for clean collars; that the soiled clothes-bag was *not* the place for oranges and apples; that the bureau drawer was *not* the place for muddy shoes; that the wash-basin was *not* intended as a receptacle for stockings, Toby humbly admitted his sins, meekly expressed the profundity of his sorrow, and gave earnest promise for better things of himself thereafter.

Said Miss Battleworth after a thoughtful pause:

"Toby Tolliver, I'm coming up here to-morrow at half-past three, and if everything isn't in order I shall take away your stamp album." Having delivered herself of which ultimatum the lady withdrew.

"All right," murmured Toby, and with one transcontinental bound was back again on the great sandy waste, and perched high upon his stanch ship of the desert, making swiftly for the oasis. Toby came down a little late for supper—indeed, the second bell had rung when he sat down. But he was fairly contented. The oasis had been reached and left far behind once more; seaport had been gained, and, carrying well-worn laurels of fame and fortune, he was sailing homeward over the rolling deep. It is true that a ship far off to windward and carrying a black flag was a disturbing element. The Captain supposed it was a merchantman. Toby felt that he could have told the Captain better.



Family service concluded, and the quarter past nine gong having sounded, Toby, in company with Philip and their several peers (boys on the second story—third-story boys stayed up till ten), ascended to upper regions. Philip, in accordance with his invariable custom, was standing on his right foot, his left foot uplifted to the level of his waist, and deftly unlacing his left shoe, when the sudden weight of an idea toppled him over.

"Tobe," said he, "you're not goin' to let her take y'r album, are you?"

Toby first completed the task in which he was then engaged—the somewhat complicated business of removing all at once his stockings, his trousers, and his drawers, by sliding them downward altogether. This took him only a very little more than if he had taken off each garment separately.

"I say," Philip repeated with grave force, "I wouldn't let her take it if it were mine. It's your personal private property. If she takes it, it's grand larkency, and you can have her arrested."

At first Toby was horrified at Philip's heresy; but gradually he began to see with Philip that a great principle of constitutional law was here involved. The lamp was out; the boys discussed the matter in suppressed but enthusiastic whispers. Toby was unable to see the grin upon Philip's face.

II.

The day was Tuesday; the hour, three thirty in the afternoon; Miss Battleworth was a punctual soul. Alas! the sight presented to her eyes when she entered Toby's room was one to daunt a stancher soul. Toby had learned a fine point of constitutional law, and he was putting it to the test of practice.

Pray imagine that a cyclone had scattered the bureau drawers to the floor, had swept from the closet the shoes and hats and coats and shirts and whatsoever the closet perchance contained, and whirled all into a chaos illimitable. In one corner sat Philip, prime author of this ruin, a coldly impartial and vastly interested observer. In the mid-

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dle of the room, surrounded by the hurricane-tossed litter, stood Toby, cheeks flushed, eyes afire, lips tense; one hand clutching something shining he held behind his back.

"This shall be reported to the Headmaster! Oh! Outrageous!" said Miss Battleworth, and, picking her way through the room, she went to Toby's desk and extracted therefrom the stamp album.

"It is grand larkency," cried Toby; "and if you take it away I'll have you arrested," and he looked for support toward Philip, who—Miss Battleworth's back being turned—shook his head with applauding enthusiasm. But she, heedless of his threat, advanced toward the door. Toby was quicker. His small form blocked her way. Then, calmly, firmly, quite in the manner of the Young Midshipman, in that place where he captures the Pirate, he addressed her.

"The Album's mine. I'll count three. By that time drop it."

Miss Battleworth, frantic with rage, took a step toward the door, album in hand.

"One," said Toby.

Miss Battleworth advanced.

"Two," said Toby.

She was almost upon him. "Let me by," she cried, in a white fury.

Toby's hand flashed from behind his back. Even Philip was stung to admiration. Toby had begun to think he was the Midshipman, and it seemed to him that Miss Battleworth bore a striking resemblance to Slowowotz the Bearded Pirate.

"Three," said Toby, hand raised.

Miss Battleworth saw what he held in his hand. If there was anything she dreaded it was a pistol. Through a mist of terror she beheld his unflinching eyes. With a suppressed scream she let drop the album, and it crashed to the floor. Toby threw open the door and pointed with stern finger to the hallway. It was so the Midshipman had done. Miss Battleworth needed no further hint.

Toby slammed the door after her. He turned to Philip.

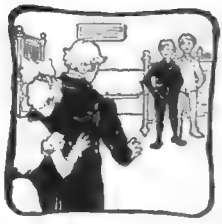
"Well," said he, a little shaky about the knees, "I kept the album, didn't I?"

But the only comment that young man had to make was, "Gee whiz! I wouldn't like to be in your boots."

For a short space after that the two boys regarded each other in silence; dreadful doubts filled Toby's mind.

"Toby," said Philip, suddenly; "let's fix up the room."

Rarely has complete order been brought out of absolute chaos with such silent expedition. As it was, a few furtive collars still protruded from under the bed, when heavy footsteps were heard approaching.



"Guess I'll go out and play ball," remarked Philip, suddenly remembering an engagement.

Toby looked at him with contemplative contempt, and then, before Philip had quite made good his exit, there entered the great body of Amos Benton, M.A., followed by the trembling Miss Battleworth, who chose to keep well sheltered by the Headmaster's impenetrably broad shoulders.

The Headmaster surveyed the neat room. At last his eyes lighted on two very small boys who were standing as far away from him as might be.

"Tobias, what was the meaning of your behavior toward Miss Battleworth?" asked the Headmaster.

Toby took a few short breaths. "She—she said—she'd take my stamp album if I didn't fix my room," he stammered, "and that's grand larkency."

"Give me the album," said the Headmaster sweetly.

Toby looked out of somewhat unsteady eyes from the Headmaster to Miss Battleworth, from Miss Battleworth to Philip. Then he got the album. The Headmaster handed it to Miss Battleworth.

"It seems you also pointed a pistol at her. Give me the pistol," said the Headmaster sweetly.

"It's a cap-pistol," he observed, taking it and turning to the window. His lips were twitching, while Miss Battleworth's face went scarlet.

"Yes, sir, it's only a cap-pistol," repeated Toby, in a choked voice.

"Ah!" The Headmaster glanced smilingly around the room. "It all seems to be in order; doesn't it, Miss Battleworth?" he asked. Miss Battleworth answered, yes. "Are you willing, Miss Battleworth, to accept Tobias's apology?" he asked. Again Miss Battleworth answered affirmatively. "Then if Tobias asks pardon I suppose you are willing to return the album?" A third time an affirmative answer trembled from Miss Battleworth's lips.

"Tobias," queried the Headmaster, and glanced suggestively toward Miss Battleworth.

"Please, Miss Battleworth, excuse me," came (with little grace indeed) from Tobias's lips; and the stamp album was returned to him.

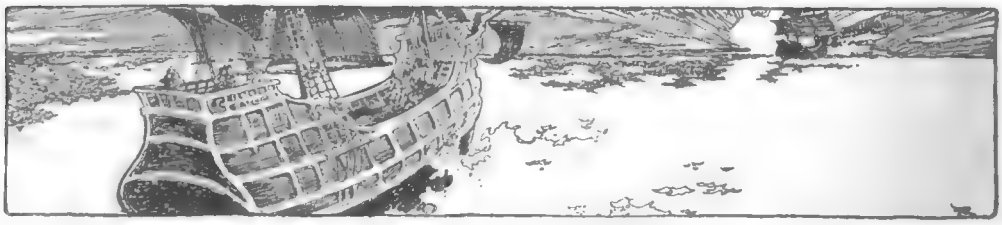
The Headmaster slipped the pistol into his pocket and started to leave the room. Toby was breathing rather more easily. He bent over to Philip.

"He's got your pistol!" whispered Toby. "You're not goin' to let him take it? It's grand larkency."

The Headmaster had apparently heard, for he turned, and, looking at Philip, said more sweetly than ever:

"I think I shall keep your pistol; that is, Philip, unless you have anything to say."

But Philip was silent.



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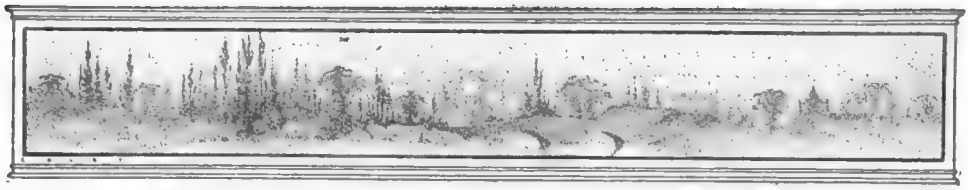

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for their services unless shown how to go about it. Many practical *ideas* have been received in competition for a prize which has been awarded. An announcement of a further prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements.

The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

The attention of home-workers is called to an important article on page 523, the last of three by Miss White, giving full instruction in the art of Basket Making.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

IT is a pleasure to announce that a number of progressive women have adopted plans set forth in these columns, and are resolved to push them to success. Mrs. John Stark, of Geneva, Alabama, has undertaken to put the prize suggestion in practice, and will start the business of entertaining and caring for small children; she is also interested in the basketry instruction, and will doubtless combine the two to excellent advantage. We have received a number of congratulatory letters upon our selection of this suggestion as the prize winner; and one protest which we are requested to print, but regret that we have not space for. Mrs. B. A. Redpath, 103 West Ninety-third Street, New York; Miss Helen Hoel, 205 West Eightieth Street, New York; and Miss Robena Atkinson, 21 Quincy Street, N. E. Washington, D.C., feel that they are fitted to become "guides" in their respective cities, and have established themselves as such. With judicious distributing of this information, these contestants should prove the suggestion well worth a trial. An Englishwoman who had been in this country only six months undertook the "Home Millinery" idea. Her cards read, Madame Leech, 155 East Eighty-fifth Street, New York, and as she has had experience with millinery in London she will, without doubt, find her services popular. Miss Hattie E. Forbes, Buckingham, Virginia, Mrs. Alice Perkins, Fowler, Indiana, and Mrs. Oliver Opp, 224 East First Street, Dixon, Illinois, have undertaken to make aprons for a living.

NEWS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We confess that when we started this department we had no idea that there was such a lamentable lack of market for home-made articles, as our increasing correspondence shows is the case. We hope in time to help the makers of articles mentioned below, as well as others who have written us, to find a place for their wares.

Workers who manufacture the following articles are crying for a chance to sell their wares to help in the daily living.

Fancy articles — Battenberg laces.	Shawls.
Hand-made tatted night robes and infants' dresses.	Children's night robes.
Plain hemstitching.	Household wares.
Aprons.	Childrens' balls.
Knit washrags.	Knit edging and mats.
Cloth dolls and animals.	Infants' clothes by hand.
All kinds of needlework.	All kinds of lace.
Tatting.	Art embroidery.
White and silk embroidery.	Drawn work.
Princess lace work.	Fine knitting of all kinds.
Mending of china and glass.	Duchess braid lace.
Needle-point lace.	Point lace handkerchiefs.
Battenberg doilies and centre-pieces.	Embroidery.
Modern lace collars, handkerchiefs, etc.	Crocheting.
	Pumpkin and mince pies.
	Jumbles and cakes.
	Renaissance lace.
	Buttonholes.

There must be many purchasers who would be very glad of an opportunity to buy direct from the maker.

Mrs. Jane M. Nelson, of South Wayne, Wisconsin, writes, referring to our "Modern Basket Maker," that she first heard of raffia last summer, and that since then she has made many baskets, and they sell well.

A. S. M. writes asking if we know whether there is any place in Philadelphia or New York to send for a good, thorough, old-fashioned housekeeper, or where *perfectly reliable* and *well-trained* servants can be procured.

A New Jersery correspondent, Mrs. Loria Blodget, Jr., of Woodbury, makes an inquiry and suggestion along the same lines. Interest in a young and motherless untrained protégée, who wishes to become a child-nurse, led her to secure a list of seventy-three schools and colleges where domestic science and economy are taught. Out of these only two attempt the teaching of a nurse's duties—both too far away to be available in this case. The suggestion is made that

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other institutions throughout the country should add a course in practical child nursing to their curriculum; or that a woman of ability and experience could adequately teach this branch privately. This plan, if put more generally in practice, would doubtless save many young girls from the endless drudgery of factory work, etc., and prove a boon to many families.

HOME LAUNDRY.

IN a New England town, some years ago, a woman, with whom the washing and ironing question had been a serious one in her own household, decided that if she could add some light to the vexed question she would not only be a philanthropist in a way, but also find her bank account replenished.

She rented a house in the suburbs where there was plenty of green grass and where winds were free from dust and smoke. The beginning was made in May. Two women were hired at a dollar a day each. Two washing machines were bought. An advertisement was inserted in the daily papers setting forth the fact that family washings would be done for a small sum each—50c. per hundred—clothes to be sent to laundry in clothes-baskets and sent home without drying. If rough-dried, an additional 25c. per hundred would be charged. Twice as much was charged for ironing as for washing. No stiff-bosomed shirts or collars or cuffs were taken. Work came in at once. The two women did from eight to ten washings a day, bringing in from $4 to $6 a day. From the start the profits were from $10 to $15 per week. As the business grew, more women were employed, a horse and wagon were bought, and other facilities increased in proportion.

Inside of two years a large brick building was erected, with all modern appliances—a drying-room, ironing machinery, etc., etc.

At the end of five years, the plant was still further enlarged, and a similar one established by the same woman in a city seven miles distant. Her income had grown from $40 a month to $6,000 a year, and all buildings and apparatus paid for.

MRS. GEORGE W. OGILVIE.

Mrs. Ogilvie's interesting description of what a New England woman accomplished, reminds the editor of many summer experiences in the country when a laundress was as rare as the proverbial day in June. Why cannot some women who are hunting their livelihood provide laundresses where there is great demand for them? Then there is also the question of Monday work on the farm. Many farmers' wives and daughters are forced to do large washes every week, for no one can be found to undertake them. Here is an opportunity for some woman who is fortunate in hiring help to assist her neighbors and make money. Many a sweet young girl is saddened for life by bending over the tubs to "help mother" on Mondays because no other help can be found. A woman who undertakes this work should make a study of "setting" colors in summer fabrics.

WILD FLOWERS.

Employment for Farmers' Wives and Daughters.

IF there were better opportunities open on the farm for the daughters of farmers to meet their necessary personal expenses, there would not be the need for leaving home and taking up the frequently questionable life of a factory girl. There is very little that a woman can do on a farm for her own maintenance outside of the monotonous round of farmhouse duties.

A teacher from one of the large city schools who was spending her summer vacation in the hills of Central New York enthusiastically admired the splendor of the wild flowers, and insisted that here was an opportunity for farmers' daughters to make a competent living through furnishing colleges with wild flowers for botanical purposes, and called attention to the lamentable lack of this material in the city schools, where it is so necessary for the instruction of this branch of science.

The first thing necessary to undertake so pleasant an employment intelligently would be to write to several colleges, offering to supply them with specimens. Next procure a large zinc-lined box to hold the plants when collecting, and a strong gardener's trowel for digging them. After gathering a sufficient quantity for one shipment, pack the plants carefully in wooden boxes in damp moss, and either send by mail or express according to the size of the package. This work would last from spring to winter, and sometimes through the evergreen season.

A good book on botany would assist much in this work, and the idle months could be devoted to the study of the habits and haunts of the members of the plant kingdom.

During the summer vacations, from the middle of June to the first of September, the work could be kept up, gathering and pressing the specimens and mounting neatly on cardboard, sending them in when the schools reopened. Work of this kind would receive higher compensation than freshly gathered plants. This employment would be health-giving and enjoyable.

The sale of wild flowers need not be confined exclusively to colleges for botanical purposes, as many florists are now cultivating them for market, and will buy plants which are not too common. Edward Gillett, a florist in Southwick, Hampden County, Massachusetts, who makes a specialty of wild flowers, advertises widely, soliciting rare specimens, for which he pays liberally.

SARAH RODNEY.

CARETAKER OF GRAVES.

WE live in a town of 20,000 inhabitants. There is here a very beautiful cemetery owned by a corporation which employs one man and an occasional assistant to look after the grounds. Now, unless the lot owners can afford to pay a considerable price to the local florists or do the work themselves the lots are neglected. Some time ago we laid a loved one away to rest, and it has been a continual source of sorrow that we have not been able to give his resting-place the care we would wish. I would gladly pay some woman ten dollars for a season beginning just before Decoration Day and ending in September, if I knew the grass would be cut once a week, the dead flowers removed, and the lot kept in general good order. This sum is not too little, as the lot is only 10 x 20 feet in size. I know that there are others who would gladly give the work to a trustworthy woman, knowing that she would do it reverently. Her tools would be few—a lawn-mower, pair of trimming shears, a trowel, a couple of good-sized pails, and a watering-pot. Any moderately strong woman could attend to forty lots of this size (the average one) in a week, and earn a sum of $400 in a little less than five months. The occupation would be a wholesome one, and could be used by some one in need of out-door exercise. I wish some one in Perth Amboy would take advantage of the suggestion.

"AWMO."

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THE MODERN BASKET MAKER

By Mary White.

Part III. (*Conclusion*).

FIG. 16—BIRD'S NEST.

At the Bird Market in Paris fascinating little nests are sold. They are woven on spokes of twigs, with weavers of rush. Why should not we, who are learning to know and love the birds, make these inviting houses and hang them in the branches of trees for the wrens and other bird-neighbors to settle in? It will be wise to make use of all the natural materials we can find—rush and raffia, willow-twigs and grasses—and when we use rattan let us stain it with dull shades of brown, green, or gray.

Raffia and Rattan Bird's Nest.

Materials: Eight 18-inch spokes of No. 3 rattan; one 10-inch spoke of No. 3 rattan; one and a half weavers of No. 2 rattan; a bunch of raffia; a tapestry needle No. 19.

Two groups of spokes—one of four and the other of four and a half—are crossed in the centre, bound three times with a strand of raffia, and woven in under-and-over weaving into a bottom an inch and a half in diameter. Here another weaver is added, and an inch of pairing, woven, forming the bottom into a bowl shape, with sides rounding up from the very centre. A row of pairing in No. 2 rattan holds the slippery raffia firmly in place. This is followed by five-eighths of an inch of raffia in pairing, the sides still being flared. Two rows of pairing in No. 2 rattan are woven, drawing the spokes in very slightly. At this point, the widest, the nest should measure fourteen inches in circumference. A row of under-and-over weaving is started, and at the place chosen for the doorway the weaver is doubled around a spoke and woven from right to left until it comes to the second spoke to the right of the one it first doubled around. It is brought around this spoke, thus making the beginning of a doorway, having an unused spoke in the centre of it. The weaver then returns to the spoke it first doubled around, where it doubles back again; and this is repeated until the doorway is the desired size. Two rows of pairing in No. 2 rattan are then woven all the way around, forming a firm top for the doorway where they cross it. The spokes are drawn in closer with rows of pairing in raffia until, when two inches and a half have been woven, they meet at the top. They are left uneven lengths, and bound around several times with a strand of raffia, threaded through a tapestry needle. A loop to hang the nest by is made of two strands of raffia, five and a half inches long, covered close with buttonhole stitch in raffia. The spoke in the centre of the doorway should be cut at the lower part of the opening, just above the weaving, and, after it has been wet until quite pliable, bent and pressed up beside the upper part of the same spoke between the weaving.

FIG. 19—LAMP SHADE.

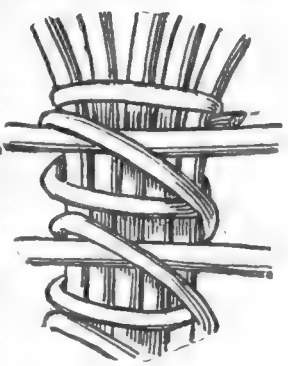

FIG. 17.

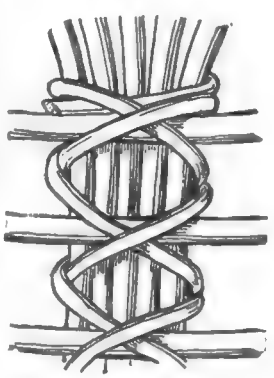

FIG. 18.

Fayal Oval Basket.

Materials: Six 5-inch spokes of No. 4 rattan; four 7-inch spokes of No. 4 rattan; one 4-inch spoke of No. 4 rattan; eighty-four 12-inch pieces of No. 2 rattan; two weavers of No. 2 rattan.

The six 5-inch spokes are slit for about three-quarters of an inch in the middle of each. The four 7-inch spokes, with the one 4-inch spoke between them, are slipped through the six slit ones, leaving about half an inch between each of the six. The group of four and a half spokes are held in a vertical position, while the six run horizontally. A weaver is started back of the vertical spokes, and lying along the uppermost horizontal spoke, with its end toward the right. It is brought around in front of the vertical spokes (above the upper horizontal one), then back and down diagonally to the left, coming out below the upper horizontal spoke. Here it is brought around in front of the vertical group, back and up diagonally to the left of the vertical spokes and above the first horizontal one. It is then brought diagonally down in front of the vertical spokes, to the right of them, and just above the second horizontal spoke. Next it crosses diagonally down and back of the vertical spokes, to the left of them, and below the second horizontal spoke, where it is brought over the vertical ones, back and up diagonally to the left of the vertical spokes and just above the second horizontal one—see Fig. 17. The same process binds the other four horizontal spokes, making an ornamental cross effect over each one on the inside of the basket—see Fig. 18. After all six horizontal spokes have been

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bound the spokes are separated and the weaving begins. When a bottom, four and a half by six and three-quarter inches, has been woven, two pieces of No. 2 rattan, twelve inches long, are inserted on either side of each spoke to form the side spokes. They are wet until pliable, and then each group of spokes is brought over the one on the right of it, under the next group, over the next, under the next and out, drawing the groups in (except the first two or three, which are left loose until the last groups have been woven in), so that they will form close sides about two inches high. The ends of the groups are woven into a base as follows: The basket is turned upside down, and the ends of each group are brought over the next group on the left and pressed down inside the base, where they are afterward cut short.

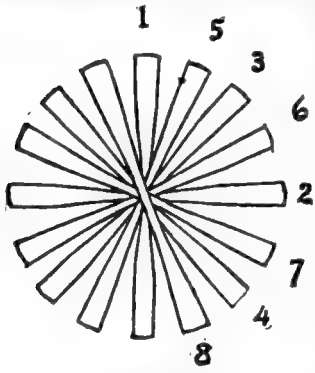
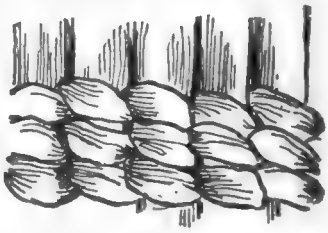


FIG. 20.

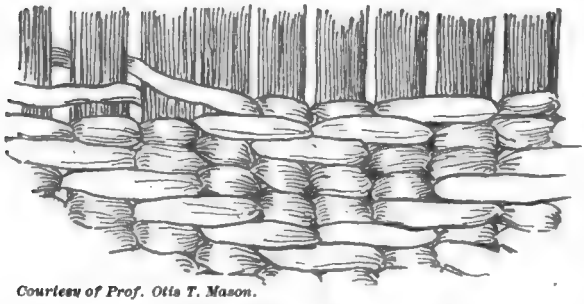
In finishing a basket, all defects of form are corrected while the rattan is still damp. When the basket is thoroughly dry, the little rough fibres are singed off by holding it over a lamp, taking great care not to scorch it. Our basket-maker will have none of the crude and quickly fading aniline dyes. She prefers to dye her baskets and material with permanent and beautiful vegetable colors, such as the Indians use. Dealers in dye-woods sell the extracts of these dyes, and they are neither expensive nor hard to manage.


Courtesy of Prof. Otis T. Mason.
FIG. 21.

Yellow from Fustic.—Before the rattan is dyed it should be soaked in a mordant or fixing bath. A solution of alum (three ounces of alum dissolved in a quart of water) is prepared, and the rattan is laid in it overnight. It is then boiled in the extract of fustic, previously diluted with hot water.

Black from Logwood.—Boil the rattan in a decoction of fifty parts of logwood to ten of fustic for half an hour. Remove it and add four parts of copperas. Return the rattan, and boil ten or fifteen minutes.

Green from Indigo and Fustic.—Mordant the rattan with alum and dye with indigo (the diluted extract), to which a small piece of copperas has been added. When the desired depth of color is obtained, remove the rattan and dye in a fustic bath to the shade required. Instead of fustic, bark extract may be used.


Courtesy of Prof. Otis T. Mason.
FIG. 22.

Dull Terra-Cotta Stain.—To five parts of varnish and twenty-one parts of turpentine a few drops of cherry stain are added until a deep enough shade is obtained. This makes a color like the terra-cotta in Indian baskets, and in combination with black is very effective on baskets of natural colored rattan.

Lamp Shade of Raffia.

Materials: A piece of No. 4 rattan 3 yards long; a piece of No. 4 rattan 5 yards 14 inches long; a bunch of raffia; a bunch of black raffia; an awl; a tapestry needle.

A piece of No. 4 rattan three yards long is whittled to a sharp point at each end. It is then coiled into a circle eleven inches in diameter, and the long end brought around and bound to it with raffia, making the joinings as neat as possible by laying the short ends along the foundation ring and covering them as the binding proceeds. A third row of rattan is laid beside the other two and bound to them with a stitch which passes around the second and third coils, between two stitches. An awl will be a help in this process. When five inches have been covered in the natural colored raffia, a band of black is made by bringing a piece of black raffia over the two lower coils, back of the upper one, over the two upper coils, back of the lower one, and up over the two lower coils again. Two inches are made in black, five inches in the natural color, two inches in black, and so on until the ring is covered with five spaces of each. A larger ring twenty-one inches in diameter is made in the same way with a piece of No. 4 rattan five yards fourteen inches long. The binding in the natural color covers spaces nine inches wide and those in black are three and seven-eighth inches. Forty-two strands of raffia are knotted on the small ring. (See directions for knotted work bag in Part I., March issue of this magazine.) The strands are brought straight down and knotted together again at two inches from the first row of knots. They are then separated and three rows of knotting are made in diamond-shaped

A RAFFIA RATTLE.

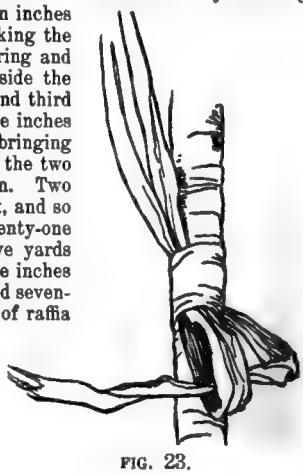


FIG. 23.

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meshes. The strands are again brought straight down and knotted together at two inches from the previous row, separated and knotted into two more rows of diamond meshes. The shade is then dampened and put over a paper-covered frame and the large ring attached to the loose ends of the strands.

An Indian Weave.

In Part II. there is a description of the Indian arrangement of spokes. Where more than four spokes are to be used they are arranged as in Fig. 20. In the Indian pairing or twining two weavers are twisted in the opposite way from ours (see Fig. 21), making a stitch which runs diagonally down from left to right. A half turn is given as in our method, but, whereas in pairing the half turn is made as if one were turning a screw to fasten it, the motion in twining is that made when unscrewing. Usually but one spoke is inclosed by two of these twists, but sometimes, as in Fig. 22, the skip stitch, which incloses two spokes, is introduced to form a pattern.

Raffia Rattle.

Materials: Sixteen 26-inch spokes of No. 2 rattan; raffia in the natural color.

The spokes are arranged in the Indian manner described in Part II. A weaver of raffia, doubled in the centre, is woven in two rows of pairing inclosing four spokes with each stitch. The groups are divided into twos and two rows of pairing, woven. They are then separated into single spokes and the rattle formed into a bowl-shape five inches in circumference at an inch and a half from the centre. From there it is drawn in gradually until, at about two inches and a quarter from the centre, the narrowing is begun by cutting a spoke to quarter of an inch from the weaving, whittling it to a point and binding it in with the next spoke. Three or four spokes may be cut out in the first circuit and more in subsequent ones. At three and a half inches from the centre there should be twelve spokes left. These are laid together and bound closely with raffia into a handle three inches long. Half of the spokes are then cut off. The remaining ones are cut four inches long, whittled to a point, and bent over to form a loop at the end of the handle. It is bound fast to the handle and wound with raffia till it is covered. At about a quarter of an inch from the end of the binding a loop of raffia is laid on it with the loop turning down and bound in with it as the winding continues (see Fig. 23). The end of the raffia is slipped through the loop and drawn up through the binding, where it is cut short.

THE AUTOCRATS OF FASHION

PARIS is in blossom. The Spring gowns and the horse-chestnut trees have flowered; and until after the Grand-Prix and the first of June, the world's greatest toilette show will be in full swing on the banks of the Seine.

It all began with Auteuil. Before March brings the Auteuil races, Paris is, in the eyes of the ultra-*chic*, a wilderness. Women charmingly gowned may be there. The uninitiated may believe that the latest creations of the French dressmakers' art are on view. The elect know better. They understand that the gowns being worn in Paris before March are the gowns of yester-year. They understand, too, that, all through the Paris winter, Spring modes are having their trial, but that this trial is going on in far away summer lands. The women who launch the modes, the exclusive few who set the fashion, are already wearing toilettes that will serve as models to the general public when spring comes, but they are wearing them at the winter resorts, each of which has its distinct season for the European smart set.

The great dressmakers of Paris can give one a list of the women who are the queens of fashion; the customers who have the taste, the money, the daring for fashion experiment. They can tell one, too, where these women are at any given season, what they are wearing, how their toilettes have been received. Often the dressmakers themselves are out on the trail of the gay birds of passage, noting effects, studying the creations of their rivals, setting aside for future reference an effective plait here, an audacious medallion there, this use of lace, that novelty in revers.

Some insignificant little *couturière* may have had a moment of inspiration. Paquin, the great, works its results. *Voilà* a new fashion note for Spring.

A few of the clever buyers adopt this same course of study, but they are the men who represent extensive interests, with whom buying is a fine art, and to whose expense accounts the home firm sets no limitations.

One American buyer, representing the largest importer of model gowns and cloaks in this country, a man better known perhaps than any of his profession, in the famous Parisian ateliers, sees the models in these ateliers before the ordinary buyer is given a glimpse of them. Yet, even then, they are no new things to him. He has seen all of their most striking features before.

He does not drop into Paris with the buying flock, visit the great dressmaking establishments, and accept as law and gospel whatever chances to be shown there. He knows what is what. The dressmakers know that he knows and treat him accordingly.

For months he has been on a still hunt for the fashions of the Spring that is yet distant. He stopped in Madeira at the very beginning of the winter season; he knows, as the dressmakers know, that, though no crowd of fashionables flocks there, a little coterie of French and English, possibly the most exclusive and *chic* of the world's smart set, begins its winter with a few weeks in Madeira. In the toilettes shown there are written what will become laws when springtime comes to Paris.

Early in December, the hunter follows the trail to Algiers. The cream of the fashionable world is there

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then; but after the middle of December, there are more "swell" clothes to be seen in Cairo than in any other one place on earth. The Cairo season has assumed monumental importance in Paris dressmaking ateliers during the last few years; and, in Cairo, many a tentative mode wins success or failure without being seen by the stay-at-home Parisians.

After Cairo, the Riviera. The birds of fine feathers take flight in January; and for the next month or six weeks, the Casino at Monte Carlo is the gathering place for fashion's clans. The crowd is mixed. It is too easy to run from Paris to Monte Carlo, and all the gay world makes the run, but a practised eye discriminates between the world, the half world, and the under world, and makes no mistakes in valuations. It is the half world that furnishes the buyer with the best of what he has gone forth to see.

The Parisian *demi-mondaine* is the most perfectly dressed woman of the world. There is no dodging that fact. She does not count cost, and her taste is beyond reproach. It is she to whom the great artists of dress make obeisance. One of these same great men stated the case clearly in a recent conversation.

"Our best customers—best because they spend most freely, and because they show the gowns to the most perfect advantage—are the famous *demi-mondaines* of Paris. They include many of the greatest actresses. You must not confuse them with *les grandes cocottes*. The *grande cocotte*—she is another thing. She dresses gorgeously, too gorgeously. She spends money like water. She wears a fortune in one costume, but she is not well dressed. The perfection of extravagant simplicity, the apotheosis of artistic taste—that is for the great *demi-mondaine*. She makes no mistake. Her costumes do not jump at the eyes. They are simple to the tune of unlimited francs. They are perfection—*C'est tout!*

"There are a few respectable French society leaders who dress almost as well, but they are few. They cut little figure on our books. The only *dames et demoiselles convenables*—the only respectable maids and matrons—who are an important factor in our business are the Americans. Many of them—very many of them—have a genius for dress, and the money to indulge it. They appreciate good clothes and they wear them well.

"I have heard it said that the great dressmakers here sell barbaric toilettes to Americans and laugh in their sleeves while they take the money. That is not true. There are American *parvenus* as there are *parvenus* everywhere, but as a class, the American women of good society are the best dressed women to whom we cater—always excepting that one perfect artist of toilette, the Parisian *demi-mondaine*.

"The American importers buy a far higher line of costumes than any other buyers who visit Paris. That is why we allow them to see our models before European buyers do."

So it is chiefly the Parisian *demi-mondaine* whom our fashion hunter watches at Monte Carlo, though he has an eye open for the great ladies who are noted for their costumes. He can cap each toilette with the name of the wearer. The chances are that he can also name the maker. He has not been twenty-six years in the business for nothing. He haunts the Casino through February. Then, suddenly, there is a mighty fluttering. All the women with wonderful costumes to show are making ready for the home flight. It is time for Auteuil, and from the world's ends fashionables are pouring into Paris.

Auteuil is the first bugle-call for fashionable Paris. It is the great spring opening, the first, the most important toilette display of the Paris season.

Those who understand how modes are made realize that, with Auteuil, all is practically over, save the shouting.

It is here that the dressmakers show the best efforts of their brains and skill. It is here that they launch, on high seas, in view of all the world, the fashion craft that have been tried on the streams of summer lands. It is here that the best dressed women of the world show what spring and summer are to mean in dress.

Often the day is disagreeable. March weather is an uncertain quantity, but that makes no difference to the Parisienne. She wears her Auteuil gown. If the weather does not harmonize with the gown, so much the worse for the weather.

This year Auteuil day was miserably cold and raw. That did not interfere with the dress show. This is to be a season of sheerness, of pale tints, of filmy daintiness. Auteuil struck the season's keynote. Madame arose, donned her lace or mousseline or chiffon gown, her flower hat.

"Elise, what is the weather?"

"But of a coldness, Madame. It is to freeze."

"*Eh bien!* Bring me my fur coat." Change the frock! The idea never occurred to her. That was her Auteuil frock! Possibly there was also a superlative cloak for the occasion, a cloak too good to waste its sweetness on a less appreciative air. Then the cloak must be worn too. Cold! perhaps; but that had nothing to do with the matter.

Everywhere in the tribunes one saw mulle and lace and flower hats. Everywhere, gowns of shimmering delicacy, over which were thrown—not too closely—luxurious and costly furs. The furs came off at intervals. One must not be ungenerous to the public.

One of the arbiters of fashion wore a gown of Irish point that wrung a murmur of envy from the women she passed. Its price and design entitled it to a medal, but over it hung a gorgeous long cloak of Russian sable, consorting oddly with the lace and chiffon from which its fronts rolled back, and with the hat of chiffon and pale blue hyacinths.

Lace is the mania of the season.

The woman who can afford a handsome all-lace gown should by all means have it, and her other gowns must be enriched with lace—lace—lace, edges of lace, flounces of lace, coats of lace, insertions of lace, medallions of lace.

Irish point is easily first favorite. Queen Victoria started the craze as a diplomatic measure five years ago. It is at flood tide now, and the coronation is partly responsible for the tremendous vogue. The Irish makers cannot even begin to fill the demand. All of the factories have taken it up. It is made everywhere—Belgium, Flanders, Paris. Some of it is good, some of it is bad; but everything even remotely resembling Irish lace sells fast and furiously in Paris. One Parisian house has turned out a $10,000 gown of Irish point for an Englishwoman famous for her toilettes; and at Auteuil and later minor events Irish lace gowns almost as handsome have been in evidence. Point de Venise, too, is the desire of the modish woman's heart. Few purses will stand the cost of real Point de Venise, but this season there is an imitation of the real point that is wonderfully effective, and is, though an imitation, far too expensive to be within reach of the ordinary buyer. Cluny is more than ever popular. So is Alençon. Rennaissance is again to the front. Laces that have been laid on the shelf for fifty years are being taken

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down and readily sold. The thin, gauzy Spanish laces, for example, are being pressed into service.

One lace, however, which is everywhere present in this country to-day is practically dead in Paris. American buyers seized upon the filet net laces—that is, the square-mesh laces—that appeared last season, and, anticipating a run for them, bought heavily for this season; but Paris tried the filet and found it wanting. The lace was never pretty, and Parisians tired of it quickly. They insisted it was adapted only to cheap curtains. The cheap factories took it up, and this Spring the Paris makers will have none of it. A few American buyers, foreseeing the event, bought lightly; but most of the shops are full of the lace, and only the canny woman will pass it by.

The lace gowns show little that is new in design, though there is infinite variety in the details. There is, however, a growing tendency to make them up over mousseline slips rather than over silk. The slip is made of sheer muslin, lace trimmed and finished at the skirt bottom with a bewildering multitude of frills and flounces lace edged, lace trimmed. Over this goes the chiffon, and over the chiffon the lace. The effect is more clinging from waist to knee and more extravagantly *frou-frou* from knee to floor.

Fournnery has sketched for this article a lace gown turned out by Doeuillet, and voted one of the greatest successes of Auteuil.

That statement may not mean much to the ordinary reader, though the picture will carry conviction. It means much to those who know the Paris world of fashion. In the first place, there is Fournnery. He deserves a story all to himself. He is, in Paris, a notable, and stands head and shoulders over any other costume illustrator. To get work from him is a matter for time, patience, diplomacy, and a fat bank-account. He can be independent. His orders are far in excess of what any twenty men could fill, and he can get his own prices for what he does.

He does not give all his time to the work. He is an artist of standing. His pictures hang in the Salon. He likes that, but has no shame in being the foremost fashion illustrator of Paris. He has the true French appreciation of dress as a fine art. The work amuses him, interests him, and pays him royally. Fournnery has his own method of designing costumes, or, rather, of introducing costumes into his pictures.

"Would you like to see how I make them? *Tiens.* Come. I will show you."

Here is high honor. Monsieur Fournnery is not given to taking visitors into his workroom. Sketches in various stages of completion are scattered about. The artist explains. He is delightful, this thirty-year-old artist, and French—French to his finger-tips.

"You see, first I draw the nude figure. *Voici.* It is drawn as I would draw it for the Salon. One must have a beautiful body before one can wear a gown beautifully. Then I put Madame into her lingerie, her corsets. You see her here. A correct corset; that, too, is essential to beautiful wearing of a gown. Next, I add the hat. Madame would have it done so, were she gowning herself. Was there ever a woman who did not put on her hat before her gown? Now she is ready for the gown. Her lines are perfect. She has the figure for the mode. Then the gown. So—it is done. Madame is ready for Auteuil. *La voilà!*"

It is so that Fournnery does his sketches.

The merit of the method is shown by his position. He has promised, after long urging, to do a series of illustrations for *Les Americaines.*

Then Doeuillet, the maker of the gown. The name calls up the most gorgeous dressmaking establishment of Paris. Other makers turn out gowns as *chic*, but none is quite so magnificently housed. The *clientèle* is not so ultra exclusive as that of certain other houses, but Parisians say that Doeuillet draws the "swell mob." His name stands for elaborate extravagance—for race gowns, Monte Carlo gowns, ball gowns of appalling cost.

The history, individuality, and specialties of the great dressmakers of Paris would afford matter for an interesting story, but that story must be told at another time. The Doeuillet gown is waiting for description.

It shows a notion much in vogue—the using of taffetas as trimmings for what is essentially a lace gown. The body of the gown is of white Cluny, the bodice slightly bloused, the skirt clinging closely over the hips and down to the knees. On the skirt is a deep flaring flounce, made of bands of sky-blue taffetas plaited and joined by Cluny insertion, latticed with narrow bands of the blue silk. The lace sleeves and upper part of the bodice are plain save for narrow bands of blue. Over the lace bodice is a little bolero of the taffetas, its elbow sleeves and collar-line finished with three taffetas frills. The bolero fronts fall straight, one bordered by lace latticed in silk bands, and one held together by a black velvet strap and rosettes set with large emerald buttons. The hat is a capeline of white straw trimmed in Cluny lace and sky-blue hortensias. This use of the taffetas bolero and bands may be successfully applied to any lace gown and to voile or any sheer fabric.

Taffetas still holds the field for many purposes. The best of the simple Spring morning gowns are in canvas, etamine, voile, etc., trimmed in stitched bands of taffetas. No woman makes a mistake this season in buying a voile. They are veritably a rage. It is already impossible to fill orders for the more popular shades of the material in the Paris wholesale houses, and even the retail stock is practically sold out. These voile gowns may be simply made, or loaded with handwork, incrustations of lace, embroidery. The canvases make the most popular semi-tailor effects, but the butcher's linens, crashes, etc., in which there is already a scarcity, are the only things being made with real severity, the only Parisian survival of the tailor-made idea.

Paquin, Francis, and several other kings of the dressmaking world, whose word is usually law, determined last season to introduce the short walking-skirt, which in Paris is known as *la jupe Americaine.* The movement was heralded in fashion journals. It is even now being noted in American fashion journals; but, as a matter of fact, it was a total failure. The great men themselves admit it. Americans may wear the short skirt—Parisians will not have it. Not even the dressmaking Olympians can bully them into it. Long skirts are still the mode, even for street. Senseless? yes; but what can be done when even Paquin has failed?

These long skirts have a tremendous swirl at the bottom. In the heavier materials, and even in most of the soft silks and crêpes, they are very tightly fitted over the hips, the fulness put into tiny tucks and plaits. But with the mousselines and diaphanous fabrics a fulness creeps into many of the skirts, and even in crêpes and silks the note is occasionally introduced by the best makers.

Here, for example, is a Laferrière gown which was sketched by Fournnery in the Paris atelier, and afterwards bought and imported by a New York buyer

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already quoted. The firm has not yet shown the gown, but counts it one of the new season's best, and claims that, despite its startling price, it will not stay in the shop twenty-four hours after it is exhibited. Laferrière is perhaps the favored Parisian maker for the most modish set of the British nobility. The house is the only one in Paris that has been appointed, by royal warrant, dressmaker to Queen Alexandra.

Apropos of things English, the coronation gowns are being made in London, and the Parisians are well content, for there is little room for originality and individuality in the making of a coronation gown.

For the functions attendant upon coronation time the gowns are also ordered from France, and such a flood of these orders has been placed that all the great houses—Laferrière and Rouff more particularly—are fairly swamped by them.

The Laferrière gown which has gravitated to New York is of shot taffetas, in blue and old gold—a shimmering iridescent delight as to color. The skirt is accordion-plaited all around, the fulness held in several rows of tight gathers at the waistband. At the bottom is a deep border of Persian taffetas, reflecting the blue and gold tones and introducing a wealth of other soft Oriental hues. This is embroidered on the skirt with Oriental silks, as are the irregular Persian taffetas medallions, while lines of hand embroidery in the Persian colors run in long lines down the skirt and hide the seams. The round bodice is accordion-plaited, with a draped girdle and choker of blue. Down the bodice run lines of Persian embroidery.

The sleeve differs widely from the average sleeve of to-day's fashion journals. Most of those illustrations were made from what were really last fall's models, and have the close upper sleeve and the long sweeping fulness below the elbow. That style is still used for some of the thin frocks in Paris, but it is not *le dernier cri*.

The very latest efforts of the great makers is to broaden the shoulder effect and move the fulness to the upper arm. The movement may not reach America this season, but Paris is feeling it; and the maker said, in looking at the sleeve of this Persian gown:

"There is the sleeve of the coming season. Watch it."

The sleeve is slightly wrinkled, but close fitting up to a point half-way between elbow and shoulder. There it meets a large soft puff, and over the puff is a deep shaped cap of Venetian guipure incrusted on embroidered etamine. The effect is odd and seems old-fashioned, but is distinctly *chic*, and there is no denying that a broadening of the shoulders improves the lines of nine out of ten feminine figures.

Elbow-sleeves are still preëminently the mode for any costume to which they are appropriate. One of the simplest gowns imaginable, yet one that is exceedingly effective, is of Brussels net in white or black, tucked lengthwise in tiny tucks. The plain skirt finishes below the knees in a flare flounce set closely with a host of tiny frills; the round bloused bodice has its decolletage finished with a bertha set with frills, and the full sleeves end at the elbow in a number of the same frills.

The same inexpensive model is charming in mousseline or any of the soft sheer Summer stuffs.

Another sleeve much favored in the newest thin frocks reaches to the elbow and is made entirely of narrow flounces, one overlapping the other.

A flounced skirt model is also popular, but in this case the flounces—usually three—are shaped and cut to fit closely to the figure, widening into the usual shaped flounce below the knee.

Coats and cloaks are amazingly varied, but the woman who hasn't a long cloak to wear over thin gowns this season will be beyond the pale. It may be made of taffetas, of pongee, of canvas, of lace, of lace and cut-out cloth or silk; but a cloak Madame must have. The full, short coats are particularly fascinating. Canvas in white or pale shades is a favorite material for these little coats, and most of them are trimmed in stitched bands of silk, with collars of lace or embroidery. A new note is struck by the lining of both coats and cloaks in flowered mousseline instead of silk. Many of these coats were seen at Auteuil, and one, particularly effective, made by Francis, was much praised. It was of taffetas, elaborately stitched and strapped, and lined with plaited mousseline, soft, floating, and sewed in only at the top. The white canvas sac coatees, trimmed in stitched bands of taffetas and lined in this style with pompadour mousseline, are especially fetching.

All-lace coats are more popular than ever. The tailor gowns, for the most part, show coats with short front and tabbed backs. The bolero has defied the death prophesied for it and reigns as triumphantly as ever.

Although Louis XV. styles are to lead in Summer modes, the long-skirted Louis XV. coat is definitely dropped. It was too unbecoming. The frills and furbelows, the flowered mousselines and fichus and sashes are the features of the period that will obtain, as Spring blossoms into Summer—but of those, more hereafter.

Americans are being emphatically assured that *moiré* is the material of the season. The manufacturers have, on the strength of prophecy, turned out great quantities of it, and buyers have bought it; but the Paris dressmakers are saying "No." They contend that it is too heavy, stiff, dull for Summer; and though it may be taken up in the fall, they are not enthusiastic over it even as material for the Winter season. Satin foulards are still liked, but the crêpe foulard is the latest foulard hobby of Paris. Crêpes of all kinds are much worn. There is a new linen voile which threatens to become epidemic, and the linen batistes are as the sands of the sea. All the sheer white fabrics are in high favor. Such a white season as has never before been seen is the prophecy of all who should know.

Black and white are as correct as ever, and the relieving notes most used are the blue and pink, violet, a soft light green, and red.

Touches of brilliant red appear everywhere, in the most unexpected places. They are one of the most striking features of the Spring frocks, and each of the great dressmakers has at least one model trimmed in *cerises d'Alsace*—Alsatian cherries. These are usually cut out of cherry-red velvet and silk, and embroidered on in clusters, but sometimes they are altogether embroidered in silk floss. They are a favorite trimming for the ubiquitous biscuit gowns, and for black and white net costumes.

The latest detail of trimming for tailor gowns is in bunches of old coins run on leather or cloth straps, baggage-check fashion. They usually dangle from either side of the coat front. Little hazel nuts and cherry stones set in gold rims are other new pendants to be used in the same way. There are tassels, too, but very little gold or silver is seen save in the *mousseline d'argent*, or silver muslin, which is enjoying a certain vogue.

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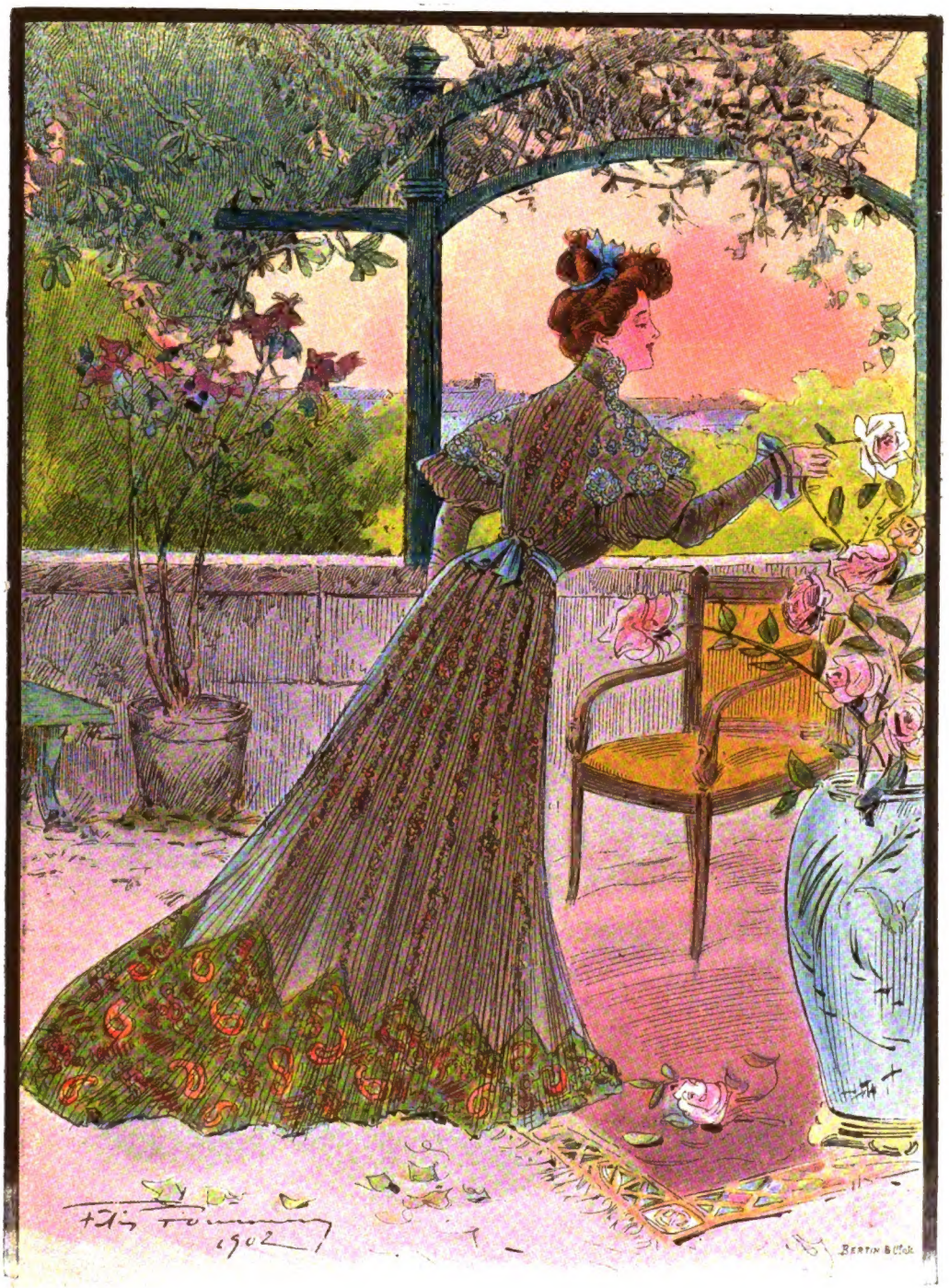

LAFERRIÈRE

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